

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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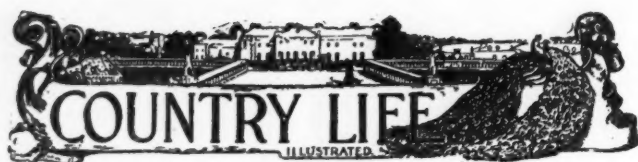
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Photo, MISS ALICE HUGHES.

MRS. BERTIE PIERCY AND CHILD.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

## POULTRY AND PROFIT.

THE fact that last week's show of poultry at the Crystal Palace was the largest ever held in Great Britain, probably in the whole world, shows that the interest in feathered livestock is as great as could be wished. Yet it touches only one side of the question, that of the fancy article. For some years past there has been witnessed in England a great increase of the habit of keeping creatures of pure blood. It affects all classes. Rich men, beginning with such leaders of Society as the Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery, keep their pedigree flocks and herds. Even politicians have not escaped this pleasant mania. In Mr. Balfour, the House of Commons has a leader who is also a clever farmer, proud of his Border Leicester sheep. Mr. Chamberlain has his Jerseys, Lord Northbrook and Earl Spencer are good judges of shorthorn cattle. One effect of all this has been a vast improvement in our various breeds of sheep, cattle, and horses. The very same thing has happened to the smaller deer of the farm. Even the ordinary stock of

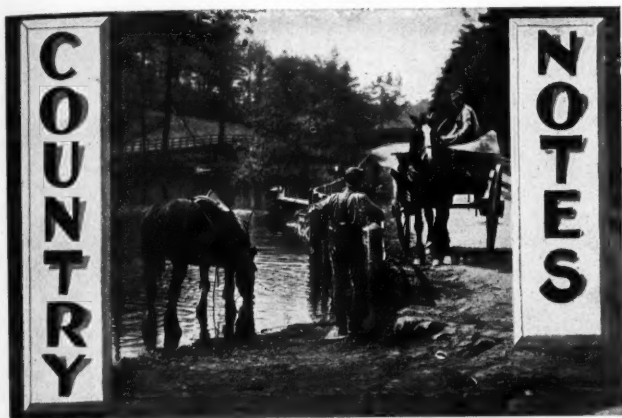
poultry is of a far superior class to what it was, say, ten years ago. Anyone who, like the writer, goes about a good deal in the rural districts, must be struck with the marked change. Only a few days ago, at a remote fishing hamlet on the Berwickshire coast, where if chickens had been kept in the eighties they would have been the most absolute mongrels, he noticed that the birds were numerous and of the most correct cross, Dorking and Indian Game. As a consequence, the breeding of pure fowls has itself grown into a considerable and lucrative business, and, of course, those who produce them for profit are the chief exhibitors at shows, though it is satisfactory to note that the number is increasing of those who make it only a hobby or pastime. Breeding fancy fowls, however, must always remain less or more an occupation for the few. It requires at the outset a gift akin to instinct. Many highly-intelligent people are totally unable to acquire it. Try as they will, they never seem fully to grasp the ideal of a fine animal, be it a cow or a cockerel, still less to seize upon those defects or excellences a good knowledge of which is essential to successful mating. To attempt teaching them is as hopeless as would be the task of showing the colour-blind how to distinguish between several fine shades. And even where this judgment exists a great deal of care and intelligence is required, fancy fowls demanding vigilant and unceasing attention. The moral is that no one should take up this hobby except those who have a natural inclination that way; it is not a business that everyone can learn. Most of the disappointments that come are due to a reluctance to recognise this fact. People are led astray by the comparatively alluring prices to be obtained.

On a very different footing stands the question of supplying the market with eggs and chickens for the table. A very great deal of money, both public and private, has been expended on the effort to encourage this industry, but what the precise results have been is purely a matter of guess. No account is taken by official statisticians of this smaller kind of stock. It is a subject, indeed, which may be commended to the attention of Mr. Hanbury, the new Minister of Agriculture. Other countries find it advisable to collect the facts, and those who are in favour of doing so contend that if you judge from a financial standpoint, the crop of chickens is almost of as much importance as the crop of wheat, one of the most trustworthy estimates putting its value at £7,500,000. Obviously, however, no proper comparison is possible till the facts have been procured. What we do know is that the quantity imported goes on increasing at an astonishing rate. The question is whether we could produce them ourselves, without being any longer under the necessity of buying from abroad, and it is much more easily asked than answered. Some people say it is no question of capacity at all, and that the production of cheap eggs is simply one of those wretchedly ill-paid pursuits that fall naturally into the hands of the country with the poorest and most miserable population. Great Britain is rich and prosperous, her working classes the best paid under the sun—so runs the argument—and therefore her people are too independent to take it up. This does not seem to us a very strong argument. The man who originated it was probably led astray by an average; but the average wage of the British working man is high simply because the earnings are large in industrial pursuits. But our country labourers are most decidedly not much better off than those in, say, France or Denmark. At any rate, it does not matter; it is not the farm servant everywhere who keeps chickens, but the peasant proprietor or small farmer. An ordinary agricultural labourer has neither the time nor the accommodation to do it on an extensive scale. The small holders, however, are a disappearing class, unless, indeed, we admit nurserymen, florists, and market gardeners to the category. The tendency is for ordinary farms to increase in size by swallowing them up. Yet the only circumstances in which poultry keeping has been made to yield a profit are those wherein it is combined with other forms of cultivation. To take an example, we have known chickens not only to feed themselves, but actually to fatten on stubble and hayfields, where they picked seed whose germination—if the wild birds had permitted it—would have been hurtful to the soil. Wherever there is room to move their coops about freely, their presence on land is of material benefit, and they themselves will be healthy. That is the root principle of good poultry keeping.

This is one reason why we are always inclined to distrust balance-sheets. If everything had to be paid for, the land hired, the food bought, the labour engaged, the profit would be doubtful, but the intelligent small holder knows that this is not the case. In hiring land, he probably does not consider the case of chickens much; he wants a little dairy or a market garden, an orchard or a fruit plantation. Then he finds that the land would carry a certain head of poultry without involving him in any extra charge for rent. Now let him take labour. If he has to hire a servant for the special and exclusive purpose of minding the chickens, very likely the wages would run away with the margin of profit. Suppose, on the other hand, that his time is not fully occupied on his plot of ground, or that members of his family



who had been previously idle could attend to them, then what would otherwise be paid as wages comes out as clear gain from his own practical point of view. Were he to present a balance-sheet, however, theorists would say at once, "Oh, this will never do—nothing is charged for labour." But he has the money in his purse all the same. So with food. In every house there is a certain amount of refuse that could possibly be transformed into chicken; on nearly every farm there is an amount of tail corn that cannot be more profitably utilised than by feeding stock of one kind or another. It is the little economies of this kind that make the difference between profitable and unprofitable poultry keeping. But at the bottom is the need of small holders, not merely to supply chickens and eggs, but a nursery of men, as the nucleus of a thriving strong rural population. Give us them and the products will come of themselves.



**A**FFAIRS in China, or rather in connection with China, are progressing with a steady movement which excels our most hopeful anticipations. Of international difficulties there is, happily, no substantial trace; of international determination there is universal evidence. Europe has made up her mind that the ringleaders in the recent outrages shall suffer condign punishment inflicted by European soldiers, and Europe will not be put off with edicts inflicting absurd Oriental penalties which are no penalties at all. Tuang, Chuang, Lan, Kangyi, Tung-fu-hsiang, and the rest of the murderous crew may be degraded, deprived of yellow jackets and peacocks' feathers (if they have them), banished, confined, or anything the Empress pleases, but they must also be executed in the presence of European witnesses. The avenues of trade must be opened. The habitations of the Legations at Peking must be so fortified and garrisoned that the hideous outrages of the past can never be repeated. On the whole, it seems probable that China and Europe will be the better in the long run for the tribulation of the summer, and we do not hesitate to say that all the great Powers are to be congratulated on a remarkable display of common-sense and self-restraint.

There will, in connection with the landing of Mr. Kruger at Marseilles, no doubt be a considerable call upon the self-restraint of the English people. The hymn to Kruger is a coarse and libellous production, and a disgrace to him who penned it, knowing its absolute falsity of innuendo. But it would be the greatest mistake in the world to be annoyed by the demonstrations, for they can do no harm. There is an old Midland saying, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me," which exactly fits the situation. Serene disregard, of the same kind which is used towards the baser sort of Irish Nationalists and their verbal outrages, is the dignified attitude.

Europe enjoys the happiness of having Mr. Kruger for its visitor; but it has not been given the opportunity of extending its hospitality to Mrs. Kruger. The chief reason of this, as we are informed, is a singular one. The wife of the President of the late Transvaal Republic has never been a journey by rail. Not only so, but she declines to hazard herself by so perilous a means of conveyance. The trek-waggon is her carriage. But there were times, in the recent months, when the trek-waggon travelled scarcely fast enough for the exigencies of the moment, and the President, of course unaccompanied by his wife, had to take the train. That is how it is that Europe is not permitted the privilege of entertaining the lady—so, at least, say soldiers returning from Pretoria, and we cannot suppose any of them to be misinformed.

"Those who drink water, think water," said Amyas Leigh to his gentle brother Frank, who retorted that those who drank beer, thought beer. We are reminded of this by observing that the Belgian Parliament, fearful perhaps lest it should fall into the excesses which are reported to have marked a recent sitting of the Croatian Diet, and remembering the stormy scenes of its

own last session, has resolved that no alcohol shall be served to any of its members during its sittings. Tea, coffee, or syrups may be drunk gratis by the happy legislators, but not beer, wine, or spirits at any price. We imagine that the goodwill of restaurants "round the corner" will rise considerably in value.

The sympathy of the whole Nation, and, it may be said, of the whole Empire, was given to Lord Hopetoun in the attack of illness that detained him in India on his way to take up his great appointment as first Governor of Federated Australia. With the daughter of the Commander-in-Chief Lord Hopetoun shared the solicitude of the country. Happily, both patients seem likely to make a good recovery, and we may perhaps look on the far slighter attack of Lord Hopetoun as already a thing of the past.

No one, even if he had not heard the same thing said before, will have been surprised by Sir Redvers Buller's observations at Southampton on the acute sight of the Boers on the veldt in comparison with the eyesight of our soldiers. It is inevitable that a race living for generations on the open plain should have better sight for objects at a distance, especially objects having that plain—the veldt—for their background. We should have been greatly astonished if it had been otherwise. It is not only, we imagine, an absolutely greater length and strength of sight that the Boer possesses, but he has eyes that are accustomed to the atmosphere, and, moreover (this is his great advantage), he has eyes that know how distant objects are likely to appear in that environment. It is not sheer acuteness of vision that enables a gillie to see a salmon lying at the bottom of a salmon pool, where "the gentleman from London" can see no sign of a fish at all. It is the knowledge of what he is looking for, of how the fish will look in the water, that enables him to see it. And the same is in some measure true of the stalker's ability to see the deer over the hill, though in this case it is no doubt true that long training has absolutely improved the sight of these men. In witness whereof we are glad to be able to put, against the keen-sightedness of the Boers, the fact that on more than one occasion Lord Lovat's contingent did excellent service by their acute sight and trained ability to use the glass.

Sir Frederick Bramwell's suggestion that the principle of the Rows at Chester should be applied to the new street between Holborn and the Strand is, we fear, quite chimerical. At Chester the Rows are beautiful and convenient, but they are so placed that hardly any intersection of them by cross streets is necessary. They are, in effect, raised piazzas in front of the principal shops, and below them are storehouses and shops of very small account. They are part of the old-world charm of Chester. But Chester, when all is said and done, is a sleepy old town, in which the traffic is by no means great, and the suitability of the Rows for London, which is by no means sleepy, is more than questionable. Nobody, for example, would tolerate in a new building the exceedingly cramped dimensions given in Chester to the lower tier of shops or storerooms, the raised piazzas would have to be higher, both at floor and ceiling, than those of Chester, the connecting bridges would have to be at least as high as the viaduct at Holborn. No, the Rows are a beautiful growth of old time, but they cannot be transplanted.

Almost every practical joke is an outrage involving pain or discomfort more or less, usually less, relieved by wit. In a certain famous one, perpetrated at the expense of an undergraduate of Christ Church in the seventies, the inconvenient and the ridiculous features of the situation were about equally balanced. Tradesmen with their goods were not admitted to the "House" unless they could present the card of a member, and it occurred to three undergraduates, now of quite eminent position, to have cards printed purporting to be those of a friend, whom they liked, but also turned into a laughing-stock. So, after preliminaries which may easily be imagined, Tom Quad was crowded one fine morning with tradesmen, accompanied by all sorts of articles, especially those which were most inconvenient, and there was Homeric laughter, but the tradesmen for the lives of them could not see the joke. A really good practical joke, except for the newspapers which were hoaxed, was that of the jester who circulated the story of the escaped tiger, and the bands of armed men, and the terror-stricken neighbourhood, and the closed schools, in Radnorshire last week. It amused all England, and it did not hurt the "glorified sheepwalk," which was never so much before the public before. Which—to parody the words of a great character in fiction—there never was no such a tiger, nor no such bands of armed men, nor no schools closed.

Since the Duke of Beaufort, about halfway through the century, asserted his rights as Lord of the Seignory of Gower over the foreshore at Swansea, there have been few cases breathing such a savour of the old world as that in which Mr. Justice Kennedy delivered judgment on Saturday. Mr. Eyre Coote, Lord of the Manor of Martin, sought for and obtained an

injunction restraining certain copyholders from killing game and rabbits on Martin Down, and they in their turn sought for but did not obtain an injunction restraining Mr. Eyre Coote from permitting Sir Charles Nugent to train his horses on the Down in question. So Mr. Justice Kennedy had to go through the Court Rolls from the earliest date, and he found presentments dealing with rabbits, as being "like to overrun the country" from a very early date. These presentments he interpreted as protests rather than as claims of right, and judging by the extracts, it would appear that the learned judge interpreted correctly. We note with interest that there appears to have been no allusion to the Ground Game Act. The counterclaim against Sir Charles Nugent's training course very soon fell to the ground. It depended on the question whether the making of the course had damaged the pasturage, but it became fairly plain, apart from technicalities, that in spite of some artificial banks and hurdles and a ditch, Sir Charles Nugent, by levelling mole-hills and sowing grass seed, had done more good than harm.

The *Daily News* has obtained seisin of a real gem of a story of misconception and intolerance from Tunbridge Wells. A gentleman entering Holy Trinity Church was shown by the verger into a pew having already one occupant. He bowed to the verger in acknowledgment of his official courtesy, but the ultra-Protestant occupant of the pew imagined the movement to be a genuflection to the altar. Thereupon the stranger was turned out, with the observation "We have no Romish practices here." That was, at best, a very stupid mistake; but if it had not been a mistake, and if the stranger had meant to show reverence to the altar, it would still have been a flagrant exhibition of intolerance.

The recent revision of the rating of the University buildings at Oxford, which was the result of a valuation made during the past Long Vacation, threatens, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, which is very happy in its selection of interesting topics, to produce some awkward complications. The ratable value of the University property has been raised at one fell swoop from £67,000 to £106,000; and the University, which as such has difficulty in making both ends meet, is sure to take every legal step to obtain a reduction of the valuation. But there are whispers of something more, of something analogous to a war of tariffs. It is being said already that if the Municipality insists on its pound of flesh out of the University, the latter will retaliate by closing its colleges during the Long Vacation, and by buying its supplies at the stores and so forth. Of the last-named step, probably, the tradesmen need not be very much afraid, for it has been taken by many undergraduates, and perhaps by some colleges, already. But to close the colleges in the Long Vacation would be to divert the stream of American visitors, and anybody who has recently been to Oxford on a fine day in August or September will know that this would be a very serious loss to many kinds of tradesmen. In those months the intelligent American permeates the High and the Broad, and his sharp and pleasant accent is all-pervading.

A charming paper read by Mr. Donald Macdonald before the Amateur Gardeners' Association dealt with fragrant trees and plants. Perfumes and good cooking derive their main merit from the scent of trees and flowers and the odours of the culinary herbs, whose taste and smell seem interdependent. The manufacture of scents, which popular fancy pictures as an evil-smelling business, mainly because Cologne was an evil-smelling town, is really one of the nicest industries dependent on skilled cultivation. In England the fields of lavender, thyme, and mint, and in Turkey the rose gardens of the Balkans, are well known. Nearly all the culinary herbs come from France, and are bought up by the London clubs and great hotels.

The grayling, most excellent substitute for the trout in the close season for that gamest of fresh-water fish, have been giving wonderfully good sport on some of the rivers that they frequent, although it is still so early in the winter. Generally we consider that grayling do not come on the rise very freely until after the first sharp frost. The frost has not yet been sharp this year, but on the club water at Leintwardine on the Teme an angler is reported to have caught thirty-seven of these fish in a day, all taken with the fly. What fly we are not told, but may assume that the regulation "red tag" was responsible for its due proportion. To go grayling fishing without a "red tag" in the cast (you always fish down stream for the grayling, with two or three flies) is as grave a breach of the proprieties as to go golfing with only iron clubs in your set. We imagine this catch of thirty-seven in a day must be something like a record, at all events in the later annals of grayling fishing.

For more reasons than one the present has been a late covert-shooting season. For one thing, there are many of the shooters just coming home, just on their way home, maybe, or just arrived, from the war, and it was wished to keep the

shooting, as far as might be, for them. Then, again, the leaf clung on so long that it was a matter of necessity, no less than of choice, to shoot late. You could not beat the birds up, nor see them when they were up, through the thick leafage. Against this was to be put the fact that it was a great acorn year, which almost always means a great year for the birds wandering. It was difficult to keep them in the coverts until the leaves were sufficiently fallen, and birds sufficiently grown (they were rather late in maturing this year), to make good sport possible. Many birds died of a kind of enteric fever. Perhaps fewer were reared than usual, on account of so many shooters being at the war. On the whole, the total bag of pheasants will be below the average, and the big slaughter rather at the latter end of the season than earlier.

It seems to have been a great fox year—at least, we do not seem often to have heard so many complaints of vulpine depredations in poultry yard and pheasant covert. Of course, in the former case it is the owner of the poultry that is chiefly to blame for his own loss. It is so easy to shut fowls up. But this cannot be done, in most cases, with pheasants. Fires will keep the foxes away for a while, but after a time the marauders get used to these, and disregard them. When the birds begin to be about three weeks or so old, you may expect them to roost in trees in covert out of harm's way, and for a fortnight, say, the fires will suffice to scare off the foxes. But there is just an awkward margin of time in between, when foxes no longer fear the fires and the birds will not yet roost in the trees. Then it is that the fox does most damage and his damage is most hard to check.

The terrible accident to the Southern express in France, wherein seventeen passengers were killed on the spot and others suffered very grave injury, occurred on a line very familiar to Britons, and to a train by which many travel. At this time of year, however, it is southward rather than northward that they would be travelling on that line, whether to Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz in France or across the Spanish border to Madrid and Southern Spain. The train to which the accident happened is the morning express, which crosses the Bidassoa at Irun about ten o'clock. At noon it ran off the line and down an embankment in the neighbourhood of Dax, the great mud-bath place in the middle of the endless pine forests of the Landes. It is singularly unfortunate that it should have chosen a place of embankment to run off, where the country is generally so monotonously flat. The marshy soil in many parts of that region is, perhaps, peculiarly liable to the subsidence which is said to have caused the derailment.

A quail has lately been shot near Ballyshannon, in the County Donegal, the first which has been seen in that part of Ireland for many years. More than half a century ago the quail was to be found in numbers in the County Tyrone, and in the Midlands and South of Ireland they were plentiful enough. Now this pretty little bird is rarely seen, and although repeated attempts to reintroduce it have been made, by laying down imported stock, none of them had any measure of success, the birds all disappearing in the autumn. A few summers ago quails were reported to have been seen and shot in several Irish counties, and it was hoped that these game little birds were again going to patronise the Emerald Isle; but, alas! these hopes were idle. Why the quail cleared out of Erin as it did is rather a puzzle. Some people ascribe its disappearance to the introduction of the partridge, the latter being supposed to drive its miniature prototype out of the country. Anyone knowing the pugnacious disposition of the quail, however, will hardly fall in with this idea, and some other reason must be looked for, but is hard to find.

The Christmas Double Number of the *Ladies' Field* contains everything that the heart of a cultivated gentlewoman would desire, including a Santa Claus Supplement for children, in colours; Christmas, London, and Paris fashions of the day, and ball toilettes, and fancy dresses for children, executed by special artists; seasonable fiction by Mrs. B. M. Croker, Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon; "Country Life at Sandringham," with photographs taken by permission of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales; a pencil sketch by Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson (the first of a series of interesting studies by this gifted amateur artist); "A Great Artist—John Sargent, R.A.," with photographs of some of his most successful pictures; "Disillusioned Daughters," articles by Lady Jeune and Miss Beale of Cheltenham Ladies' College; and also many other highly-interesting contributions.

A cattle-stealer, whose address remains unknown, appears, according to the *Abingdon Herald*, to have brought off a real coup. One Mr. Maslen, a farmer of North Court, attending a local cattle sale, saw something familiar in the aspect of a cow with a crumpled horn, but without a maiden all forlorn, which was put



up for auction and sold. The vendor, who had given the appropriate name of F. Wiseman, applied for the purchase-money when the sale was over, was paid by cheque, walked across to the bank, cashed his cheque, and was no more seen. The buyer drove off the cow with the crumpled horn, and Mr. Maslen went home to find that his suspicions had been well-founded, since his cow with the crumpled horn was not to be found. But behold, the next morning the same cow, having escaped from her purchaser, and having shown *animus revertendi* in a most delightful fashion, was back again in Mr. Maslen's meadow. There ought to be some pretty law about all this over the question who shall bear the loss, the purchaser or the auctioneer, for we take it that Mr. Maslen, having got his own cow back, is on the right side of the hedge, and that the liability of "Wiseman" is, in a practical world, not worthy of a second thought. But, seriously, it is not prudent in auctioneers to accept cattle for sale from strangers and to pay the equivalent of cash the moment the sale is over. If it is the custom, a clever thief might, for a while at any rate, thrive on it.

In two years the supply of Australian rabbits landed in this country has doubled. Down to the end of last month no less

than 16,085 tons of dead rabbits came from the other side of the earth to England. The sheep itself finds a rival in the rabbits, the dead weight of which is as much as that of 600,000 New Zealand mutton carcasses. No wonder prices for the English rabbit are low. The skins fetch a good price, but that is a matter which dealers who purchase from English game preservers do not mention.

We had supposed that the telephone represented the utmost limit of human and diabolical ingenuity, and for many reasons. It rarely acts when it would be convenient that it should do so, it has an inveterate habit of going strongly when the man who ought to be at the other end is not there, and it has caused nearly all the main streets of London to be almost impassable for many months. But the Gourandphone, which looks worse when the word is written, also sounds worse when the word is spoken. It is a kind of Cyclopean gramophone. Having the "record" of a band applied to it, it will make "The Marseillaise" audible at a distance of 600yds. in all directions, and it will do just the same with any other noise, even with a speech or a sermon. The potentialities of this horrible instrument are really too terrible to contemplate.

## A SPORTING HAPPY FAMILY.

THE lion which lies down with the lamb we, and doubtless many of our readers are acquainted with, having seen him in all his glory at a travelling menagerie, but the hound which is on terms of close friendship with fox cubs is altogether a phenomenon. Still, such animals exist in the kennels of Mr. Walter Winans at Surrenden Park, near Ashford, Kent, and it may be added that the astonishment of those who witness the sight is increased by the spectacle of a sheep which is also a member of this remarkable happy family.

On entering upon possession of Surrenden Park, some two years ago, Mr. Walter Winans at once proceeded to give effect to the love of sport which is so strong within him by taking thither his pack of draghounds, which, let it be mentioned, consist of a mixed lot of some twenty-two couple, some of which are half-bred bloodhounds. Mr. Winans, be it stated, is a believer in big hounds for his purposes, which consist chiefly of drag-hunting and the hunting of outlying deer which may escape from his park, and consequently many of his hounds have been drafted from fox-



W. A. Rouch.

MR. WALTER WINANS AND HIS PACK

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hound kennels on account of their size, whilst others have come from staghound packs, the remainder being bred by himself. They nevertheless, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, in which Mr. Winans himself appears, are an extremely workmanlike lot, the hunting men and farmers of the

neighbourhood bearing willing testimony to the good sport they provide, and also to the great popularity which Mr. Walter Winans, the Master, enjoys in the neighbourhood.

The most remarkable features of the establishment, however, are the fox cubs and sheep already alluded to, the former—a dog and a vixen—having been members of the kennel since they were two weeks old, that is, for a period of between six and seven months. Their kennel adjoins that of the hounds, so they can see each other constantly; and though this pack never hunt foxes, they will readily run a drag if the runner who goes over the selected country has his clothing impregnated with the scent of their hereditary foe. The hound depicted in the illustration with one of the fox cubs is Plancy, the best



W. A. Rouch.

MR. WALTER WINANS SCHOOLING HOUNDS AT SURRENDEN.

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T. Penfold.

## HEREDITARY FOES.

and most resolute workman in the pack. This hound is a half-bred bloodhound, and comes from a staghound pack, not having been bred by Mr. Winans, who got him from the Shorncliffe Drag.

The Southdown sheep has been associated with Mr. Winans's pack for some three years, in fact, ever since she was quite a small lamb. She was placed with the hounds, as some of the younger ones were rather wild, and it was desired that they should get used to sheep, the lamb being located in the kennel of several whelps as young as herself. They all grew up together, eating their porridge and milk from the same trough, and she has lived with the pack ever since, sleeping on the bench with them at night, and if a hound by mistake should happen to take her favourite position, she promptly butts him off. When the hounds go out for exercise, the sheep trots out with them; but when they are running a drag she is too slow, and gets left behind, the result being that her lamentations are so loudly expressed that now she is generally left in the kennel on hunting days. This sheep is a thorough sportsman, inasmuch as she will have no transactions with any member of the canine race excepting hounds. The ordinary dog she abhors, and when a shepherd's dog was rounding up some other sheep outside the kennels not long ago, and wished to include her in the number, she waited until he came close, and then attacked him so vigorously that he went off howling. Since then, when he rounds up sheep and she is about, the shepherd's dog leaves her severely alone.

Mr. Winans has found by experience that this experiment of keeping a sheep with hounds has answered his expectations admirably, as it has made his pack absolutely indifferent to sheep, and even the wildest of them will hunt right through a flock without thinking of interfering with one. It is also a curious fact that, although the park is full of deer, the hounds never look at them when out for exercise, and yet when an outlying deer is being drawn for, they hunt him very keenly, though when he gets into the park again they can be stopped at once. It may be added that Mr. Winans has recently added to his stable by the purchase of three American thorough-breds, one of which is a first prize winner at New York Show, in addition to which he was at the head of a strong jumping class at the recent Wembley Park Show. In the opinion of Mr. Winans, the manners of the American thorough-breds are superior to those of the English animals, as a result of the different way in which they are handled when young, and he consequently anticipates that they will become very popular mounts amongst English hunting men who like a bit of blood that can jump, but who at the same time object to the want of manners which so often detracts from the pleasure of riding the horses drafted from an English racing stable. The record held by the horse just referred to—Ben Bolt—is 6ft. 6in. over timber; whilst one of Mr. Winans's

other purchases—Hereford—holds one of 6ft. 1in., which certainly proves them to be very accomplished leapers indeed.

FEATHERED . . .  
. . . CARPENTERS.

THE cave-dwellers among our woodland birds have no song. It is a singular fact, and one not perhaps out of keeping with the rest of their economy, that, try as we will, we cannot find a song bird worth the name that lays her eggs in hiding. Not that these same feathered artisans are mute, for that would handicap them too severely in signalling to their mates unseen through the leafy screen of spring resurrection. These labourers may utter no note that is pleasing to our ears, but there is much that is characteristic about the uncanny laugh of the crimson-crowned woodpecker, the feeble lisp of the marsh-titmouse,

or the shrill weet-weet of the nuthatch. Another strange link between these hiding fowl is the absence of taste or beauty from their nests, while I have already called attention in COUNTRY LIFE to the whiteness of their eggs. The careless nests, however, are worth a passing thought. They are characteristic not alone of birds like the sand-martins, that always rear their young in darkness, but also, curiously enough, of such birds as our common sparrow (too common, some folks say; but I have no crops, and always save the pert gentleman from the cats when occasion offers), that builds in both open and covered situations. When the sparrow nests in open trees—I refer to the common sparrow affecting such localities, not to the distinct tree sparrow—it puts a well-built dome over the nest to keep out the rain; but its more usual nests in our housetops are no more than very disgusting masses of old hair, paper, and other rubbish, as often as not infested with vermin of the most impolite description. This careless architecture would go uncondemned were it confined to such carpenters as the woodpeckers, that hew their own domicile from the untouched wood. Their beak is but a chisel, and cannot, any more than any other chisel, adapt itself of a sudden to the more delicate operations of weaving, plastering, and lining. But



T. Penfold.

## A HAPPY FAMILY.

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there is less excuse for it in those lazier birds of darkness, to wit, the starling, daw, sparrow, hoopoe, roller, wryneck, and most owls, that occupy convenient holes ready made. Their nests are shabby indeed, and would not, even were they visible under ordinary conditions, invite the patience of Mr. Kearton with his wonderful contrivances of lens and tubing. All interesting fowl, they are the reverse of cleanly in their habits. The unspotted whiteness of the egg already mentioned is in direct contrast to the majority of eggs laid in open nests, nearly all of which have some spots or other markings on the surface. The exceptions that occur to mind are those of the dove, pheasant, and hedge-sparrow. For this peculiarity of all eggs laid in darkness, the only satisfactory explanation is that they stand



no danger of detection, and have therefore no need of the protective colouring and resemblance to surroundings afforded by the spots.

Of our *bona-fide* woodland carpenters, the chief are the three woodpeckers. Five-and-thirty years ago the great black woodpecker was found nesting in the New Forest, but you may easily wander nowadays amid its glades by the month without

more particularly in choice of site, there may be in their architecture, but it is not the rule. The wood-pigeon may, for instance, forsake now and again the topmost flutterings of the firs for the open ground, and the partridge will, with equal caprice, once in a way rear her mighty family in the dizzy insecurity of a giant elm. Such abnormal performances may, however, generally be traced to temporary lack of suitable conditions, and most probably

the same bird, if spared by this year's guns, will nest next season in the normal situation.

Each family, each species, observes certain well-defined rules. Year after year they work, the carpenters, masons, and weavers, at the appointed season. Nothing kills the infinite love they bestow on the house-building. Spring gales or the early collecting fiend may destroy their first essay. They start afresh. Their patience is almost divine.

F. G. AFLALO.

## COUNTRY LIFE IN INDIA.

WE read so much in the papers nowadays of the English lady, her life in the country, her pet fads, her horses, her special breed of dog, cow, or poultry, but nobody seem to trouble their heads as to how the English

lady whose lot is cast for an Indian life manages to occupy her time. The three accompanying photographs will give my readers some idea of an Indian Mem Sahib's hobby. One is of a farmyard belonging to Mrs. George Richardson of Bhicanpore, Tirhoot, India, who is, together with her small son Gerald, engaged in her daily amusement, superintending the management of her cows, goats, sheep, etc. Mrs. Richardson is a great lover of animals, and has a most extensive dairy, every detail of which she investigates daily. She owns several English cows and calves, as well as the ordinary country variety, which can by careful management and feeding be made to produce very good milk, both in quality and quantity.

The cow in the photograph is from Guzerat, that district which has been so unhappily afflicted with famine. The first picture is of the poultry-yard. The same lady is calling up her fowls, geese, goslings, ducks, guinea-fowl, and several armies of ducklings of different ages. The queer-looking little hutch on



FEEDING THE POULTRY.

sight or sound of this gay bird. The beautiful green woodpecker is there, however, in early spring, selecting the beech in which he and his bride are to bore their winding tunnel. Full a foot into the trunk runs the work of the "Yaffingale," as to this day West Saxons call him, then off at right angles, down to the widened cavity in which, in due course, will lie the pointed white eggs. Wander past the tree a fortnight later, and the tell-tale chips will be lying at the foot of many a beech and poplar. For the woodpeckers are less prudent in their generation than the hissing marsh-tit, the little black and white carpenter, often operating far indeed from marshes, and careful to remove all evidence from beneath the alder that harbours its treasures. An excellent and most efficient chisel is the short pointed bill so characteristic of the titmice, yet but two of them appear to put it to this, its apparently legitimate use, the second being the crested Highlander, whose hidden home is down in the root of some old Scotch fir.

The nuthatch furnishes a remarkable contrast between these carpenters and the lazier folk afore-mentioned. He does not, it is true, bore the hole himself, but, having found one almost to his taste, proceeds with his spouse to carry out extensive alterations in the front door, which is plastered up most inartistically with mud and stones till of a size just sufficient to admit the birds.

Engineers and masons there are among the birds, as well as carpenters. There is the kingfisher, whose white eggs quicken on a dirty pile of fish bones at the further end of a long passage tunnelled in the bank of the food-giving stream. The sand-martins rear their exacting brood on a shallow bed of dry grass and feathers made some two or three feet up a sloping tunnel in a chalk pit or railway embankment, the retreat being shared with vermin innumerable; and the single egg of the puffin lies in a deep burrow hewn by that sturdy and fantastic bill in some lofty South Coast cliff.

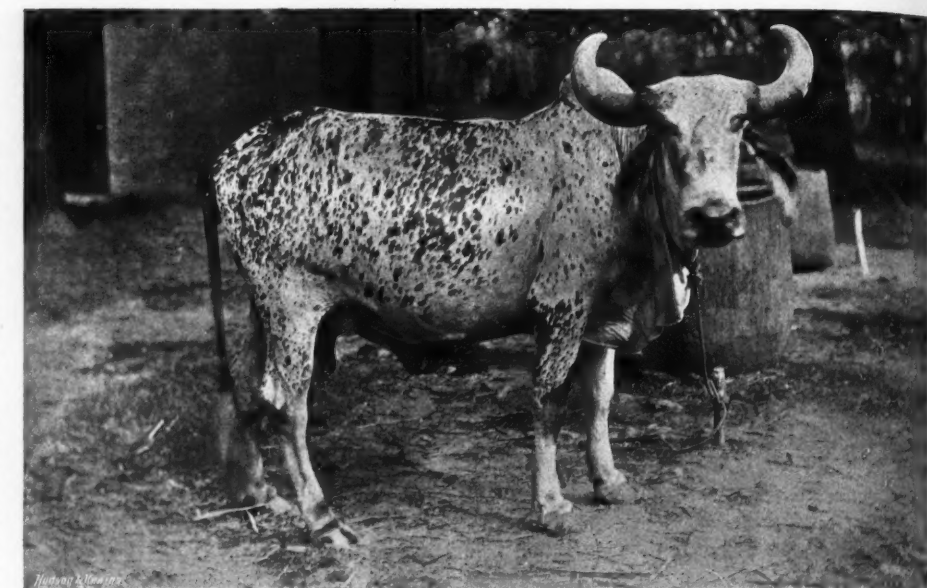
And so, year after year, the birds perform, be it from memory or instinct I care not, their allotted work. Variation,



THE FARMYARD.

poles is the pigeon-cote, put up high, out of range of cats, snakes, and other destroying agents.

Mrs. Richardson has been particularly successful with her poultry. Her special fancy is for Langshans and Brahmas; they are wonderfully hardy birds, thriving well in India, and their pretty brown eggs are an additional attraction. With all these pets, including two pairs of Irish terriers and one pair of Welsh rough-haired terriers, and giving an hour or two daily to the superintendence of a large flower and kitchen garden, Mrs. Richardson's time is fully occupied. I am convinced that one great cause of ill-health in so many ladies in India is want of occupation. The relaxing climate offers every inducement to give way to habits of indolence, and, having nothing better to do, the thoughts turn on oneself and ailments. Consequently, from feeling "livery" and out of sorts, ill-health creeps on until delicacy is firmly established. A hobby in India as elsewhere is a healthy thing, for as long as the brain is kept working the body is in better tone, and the heat and afflictions of the climate are not so obtrusive. The more the hobby keeps one in the open air, the greater advantage it is to the welfare of the body.



A COW FROM GUZERAT.

## ON THE GREEN.

IT is understood that Mr. J. L. Low is occupied upon a life of the late Mr. F. G. Tait, and that his work makes good progress. Be that how it may, it is evident that his pre-occupation with this literary labour of love is not so complete as to prevent his playing a very useful game of golf. The report, we see, speaks of his late play at Blackheath as wonderful—a liberal adjective. Yet it is an adjective that does not seem to have been too big for the occasion, seeing that he beat Mr. Neville, leader of the Cambridge team, by ten holes. That means ten holes on twenty-one, which is the number of a full match game on the Blackheath green, where the single round only numbers seven holes in all. Ten holes, even in twenty-one, is a useful balance, and perhaps it is an unique experience for the Cambridge undergraduate to take such a beating as this that his own old captain gave him—captain, at least, of the Cambridge team long time ago, though not in the days that Mr. Neville represented it. Mr. Low's win set the seal on the victory of the Club against the University. Eliminating his ten holes, the result would have been level enough; but it inclined in the Blackheathen favour to just about that number of holes on the aggregate. It is fairly evident that Cambridge has but a poor chance with the rival University in the match that is an annual fixture. Oxford is stronger than ever before. Cambridge perhaps is not as good as she has been. A better man, by the by, than Mr. Low for doing justice to the gallant life and gallant death of that most excellent of fellows, of soldiers, and of golfers, who is the subject of the memoirs he has under his attention, could not be conceived. Mr. Low and the late Mr. Tait were great friends; the former is a sufficiently fine golfer to appreciate to the utmost the golfing talents of that even finer golfer, his dead friend, with whom he has played so many a close match; he is eminently fitted to do justice to his social as well as his athletic talents, and has, moreover, a special talent of his own for happy literary expression, which never fails to be seasoned with the

pleasant salt of humour. Golfers may look forward to an appreciative and a very readable book.

It has been a time of heavy victory, big battalions, perhaps, against lesser. Braid has been beating Kelly at Norwich terribly by twelve holes, White treating Thomson severely at Raynes Park, though winning by only half the balance that Braid had in his favour. Both these defeated ones were on their own greens, but the local knowledge availed them nothing against the heavier metal. The day was rough and rainy (both matches were played on the same day), and these conditions always strengthen yet further the golfing arm that is already the stronger. And lately, what with rainstorms and gales of wind, the stronger arm has had a good deal of this kind of strengthening. Nor has it been only on the inland greens, which we generally consider the more apt to suffer in the wet weather, that golf has become altogether abominable. Even a green so emphatically of the right royal and ancient seaside and sandy kind as Carnoustie, has been so flooded that competitions arranged there have been deferred to a finer day. There is comfort in this for the inland golfer as he ploughs among the worm casts. Both the championships fall to be played in Scotland and on East Coast greens next year, the amateur at St. Andrews, the open at Muirfield. Taylor, the holder of the open event, has never won at Muirfield. He lost to Vardon there after a tie. Mr. Hilton, the present amateur champion, has won the open at Muirfield, but he does not seem to have a liking for the St. Andrews green.

## OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece is of Mrs. Piercy and her small daughter Vera. She married Captain "Bertie" Piercy, of the 12th Lancers, in 1894, and is a daughter of the late Mr. Sawrey-Cookson, of Neasham Hall, Yorkshire, and Broughton Tower, Lancashire. Mrs. Bertie Piercy is an ardent sportswoman, and has ridden to hounds since she was four years old. She and her husband spend a good deal of their time abroad, as they have a delightful property in Sardinia. Captain Piercy is now in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry.

## "CHOTI MEM."

"NUNHU, when I am a man I shall marry the Missy-baba!" Kenneth thrust his little brown hands deep into his pockets, and, leaning back against the tent ropes, surveyed the bearer critically.

The man was squatting on his heels gun cleaning, and he waited to give the metal a final polish before looking up. "Doubtless the Hazoor will do great things," he said at length; "when he has been across the seas and obtained his 'sartificut' he will return again to India and I will come to live with him and with the Choti Mem" (little wife).

Kenneth nodded. "Yes, yes," he said, eagerly, "and you will be polishing my guns then, Nunhu, for I mean to shoot—oh! ever so many tigers, more even than Lawrence Sahib."

Now Lawrence Sahib was a mighty hunter who had never been known to miss his mark, and, as the bearer knew, his bungalow at Barrapore was filled with trophies; but he only answered again that doubtless the master was right, and looked up not without a gleam of pride at the straight little figure before him. Nunhu had fallen upon evil days; Kenneth's step-father was a man of few words and a quick temper, and the native suffered accordingly. His first master had been truly loved, as was now this little son for his sake. But, after all, what did it matter, he reflected, for this week, at any rate, he

was alone in charge of the boy, for Kenneth had been asked without his people to the shooting party, to be a companion to his hostess's small daughter.

On three sides of a square were the even rows of tents, and at one end a sentry was passing to and fro in the sunshine; behind the white canvas stretched a grove of trees casting deep shadows over the dried-up grass, while further to the right a few feathery palms fringed a long thin line of gleaming water. Rajah Lehal Singh had given many careful instructions concerning the encampment, for the General Sahib that he was entertaining deserved much at his hands, and this was perhaps the last time he would visit the jungles.

Kenneth pushed his pith hat further back on his dark curly hair and moved away laughing softly. "Choti Mem," he thought; "what a splendid name! I must go and tell Bruce."

He found the Captain in his tent, finishing a letter to catch the English mail, so he sat himself down on the camp-bed, waiting until he could claim his attention. Meanwhile his eyes roamed over everything, from the yellow and black stripes of the canvas to the half-packed portmanteau in the corner; then over the table littered with letters and papers, resting finally on a little sketch propped against a book in the centre.



"Why, that's Tweedledee!" he exclaimed, suddenly jumping down. "I say, did you paint that? It is jolly," admiringly.

The man looked down into the big brown eyes, and then at the portrait the child was holding. It was the sketch of a girl's head, with the auburn hair waving lightly against a dark background; the mouth and eyes were smiling. Yes, it was well done, he had caught her expression exactly; but how should he not do so, seeing it was always before him?

"Bruce," came the child's voice again; "Bruce, I say," as he found he was not listening, "I like this so much; will you give it to me?"

"No Ken, no; what are you thinking of? I mean, I will give you a sketch, of course, but not this one."

The small fingers loosened their hold reluctantly.

"But you know I like Tweedledee—awfully," he said, slowly.

"So do I, old chap, ever so much." Then pushing a portfolio towards him, "You may choose a picture from there, anything you like."

Kenneth buried himself amongst the pictures for a few moments, finally selecting a hunting scene in water colour.

"I wish I were a man," he said at last. "It will take such a long time to grow up, and I want to do all sorts of useful things. I mean to be a ripping good shot, to get a V.C., and marry Stella. And oh! I say, Bruce," flinging his arms round him, "will you teach me to shoot with your small rifle this evening, even if it is only for ever such a short time?"

"Perhaps; we'll see."

"And again to-morrow?"

"I am going away in the morning."

Kenneth's face fell. So this was the meaning of the portmanteau! But Bruce was his favourite, and it was too bad that he should be leaving before the camp broke up. The man rose from his chair, and began pushing aside his papers rather wearily.

"It will soon be time to start," he said, looking at his watch. Kenneth bounded towards the door of his tent.

"Ah! I want to come in with the elephants," he exclaimed.

But Bruce was not listening; he caught hold of the boy's little brown hand.

"Don't be in too great a hurry to grow up, Kenneth," he said. "It will all come fast enough; there is much to learn yet; some day I hope you will be as great and good a man as was your father."

The boy's face grew serious, and his eyes glistened.

"Yes, like father," he said, "I mean to be; and you will teach me to shoot."

He ran off, and Bruce went back again into the tent, and stood looking at the little painting. The child's words came back to him, "You know I like Tweedledee—awfully." Then he sighed, and pushed it away amongst his papers.

Half-an-hour later, when he went out into the sunshine, he found the shooting party grouped outside the open dining tent. The Rajah himself was sitting in the centre dressed for the day's work, that is to say, his finely spun silk clothes were woven in dark green and brown, the jungle colours. General Lawrence was leaning towards him discussing the chances of the day, several men and one or two ladies were standing around, and Miss Tweedie was sitting at the end with an arm round Stella. The child's laughing blue eyes were raised to her face, and she was tossing her silvery curls in the effort to free herself. As her laughter rang out the General turned and looked at her fondly. He had married late in life, and this little only child came very near his heart. The shikaris began to put in an appearance, and the coolies collected in groups waiting for their loads.

"You can't catch me!" cried Stella, wrenching herself free.

"For God's sake stop that boy!" cried the General, suddenly.

Bruce looked up, and felt a tightening at his heart as Kenneth's words came back to him: "I shall come in with the elephants!" He had, indeed. They were all trooping into the open space, but in front on the smallest the boy was standing, one hand resting lightly on the mahout's shoulder, while with the other he waved his hat triumphantly above his head. There was a moment's silence, and it flashed across Bruce's mind what a picture it made, that straight, fearless little figure, with flushed cheeks and dark tangled hair, and in front the old mahout in his faded green turban, absorbed in guiding the elephant. Then his voice rang out sternly: "Sit down, Kenneth; sit down." The light died out of the boy's eyes, but always accustomed to obey he did so immediately, and in answer to a prod from the goading iron in the native's hands the elephant knelt down. Kenneth retained his perch.

"Who will come up here?" he asked, joyously. "Oh! that's right, Tweedledee; it's awfully jolly, only a pad, you know. Take care, here are the steps."

Miss Tweedie climbed up beside him. "How you frightened us!" she said, reproachfully.

"Did I? I'm so sorry. I say, Bruce, aren't you coming? This is much the best place."

But though in his heart the Captain quite agreed he turned a deaf ear, and at the start Kenneth found himself alone with his companion.

"That was silly of Bruce," he remarked, reflectively; but she said nothing.

The boy waved his hat to Stella. "She is coming on later to have tiffin with us," he explained.

The elephants now fell into line, and went lurching through the narrow streets of the little mud village and on into the open fields, where they twisted out their trunks, tearing up the corn on either side. It was still fairly early, but the sunlight danced before their eyes. The Rajah brought up the rear, and he alone seemed to be thoroughly comfortable, leaning back amongst the cushions, with a servant perched behind him holding a fan and wide-spreading umbrella. Soon they passed beyond all cultivation, and entered upon wilder tracts with long stretches of dried-up grass and scrubby trees, then down a steep rocky descent, through the clear calm river, and up again upon the other side. The girl looked back at the sparkling water, and pointed out to Kenneth how further on it splashed between the rocks, and the scrawly tracks where a mugger had pulled himself across the sand. The boy nodded silently. The jungle on this side was thicker, and the trees and creepers spread all around them. It was between several daring manoeuvres to escape scratches that Kenneth began to talk disjointedly.

"It was a pity that Bruce did not come with us," was his first remark. "I hope he will shoot something big to-day, for he is going away to-morrow. Do you know he painted an awfully nice picture of you, smiling, with the sunshine on your hair, but he would not give it to me, though I wanted it so badly. He said he liked you, ever so much. Look out for that branch!" He turned quickly to keep it from her face, and as their eyes met he saw that hers were full of tears.

"What is it?" he asked, anxiously. "Did it hit you?"

But she only smiled and shook her head.

At that moment the word for silence was passed along the line, for they were nearing the beat. Kenneth watched her face, then he put out a little brown hand over hers, wondering vaguely what could be the matter. But he soon forgot about it in the excitement of arriving, and the subsequent climb into the machan, a little screened room built for them on the boughs of a tree.

"Just like a nest," he whispered, as he settled down into a corner, peering out through the leaves. The shikari was the last to clamber up, pulling the ladder in after him; then General Lawrence and the Rajah quietly prepared their guns, and sat still, waiting. The silence of the jungle wrapped them round; Kenneth, watching intently, scarcely dared to breathe. Now the breeze stirred and a dry leaf fluttered to the ground, a bird near at hand began to sing, louder, still louder, until it stopped abruptly, as if it, too, were listening to the gentle rustle in the grass beneath; and when that passed, the sound of the beaters' voices and the distant thrumming of tom-toms broke upon the stillness. After a time, all that lay within that beaten circle of the jungle began to move towards them. First a peacock, moving proudly, uncertainly, into the sunshine—Kenneth could see its little bright eyes sparkling like jewels—then, with a faint rushing sound, it spread its wings, and had risen and was sailing above them. A fox broke out and scuttled across the open space. This time the silence was broken by the sound of many scattered twigs; something was crashing, tumbling in its haste. The boy leant forward, his cheeks ablaze, and the General put out a restraining hand motioning silence. A second later four or five sambur does bounded into the open. Once there, they stood still, trembling as if they scented danger; their ears twitched, and they moved slowly forward and waited again, their soft brown eyes marking the flutter of each little leaf. Following upon the crash as the stag sprang in amongst them, came a sharp report—the General had shot him through the lung. A doe started, unconsciously placing herself between her lord and the machan, precluding the possibility of another shot. For one moment the stag stood motionless, the delicate tracery of antlers outlined against the dark background, then fell heavily, without a struggle. The terrified does rushed forward, passing out of sight, and Kenneth covered his face; somehow he had never expected that it would be quite like that. There were other shots also, but it was not until the beat was over, and they walked back to join the others, that he learnt, to his great delight, that Bruce had shot a tiger, quite an unexpected piece of luck, as had there been any idea of it all lesser game would have been allowed to pass. The great beast was quite dead, and they all moved along the slope to look at him. The boy's heart thrilled as he glanced down at the king of the jungle lying dead and limp in the long grass.

"I am so glad, so very glad!" he cried, dancing across to the Captain, "because, you see, you are going to-morrow." Then, as the words brought back the remembrance of Miss Tweedie's face as he had seen it that morning, he plucked at his coat, "Bruce, I want to tell you something!"

"Not now, old chap," he replied, "go on with the others, I will follow directly."

Obedient as ever, the boy turned away. "But I will tell

him all about it presently," he thought. "Bruce always understands Tweedledee. Ah! how I wish I were grown up."

Further on, beneath the trees, lunch was already spread, and most of the party were seated on the little wicker stools provided for them, while the khitmagars hurried round, placing the last dishes upon the table-cloth. Stella was sitting at one end, next to her mother, looking cool and fresh in her little white frock and wide sun hat; she welcomed Kenneth joyously, waving her spoon in the air, and he flung himself down beside her.

"Hullo! Choti Mem," he said, "I am so glad you came."

"Your little Mem Sahib, is she?" said one of the men, laughing. "I hope the General is prepared to lose his daughter. Is it all quite settled, Kenneth?"

"Quite," said the boy, smiling.

"Kyite," echoed Stella, bringing her spoon down upon the plate, ready as usual to follow in his lead.

The boy went on steadily with his luncheon while the conversation buzzed around him, but his sharp little eyes noted the fact that Tweedledee was pale and rather silent, and Bruce, he thought, was not half excited enough considering that he had shot a tiger. After tiffin everyone settled themselves comfortably, and Kenneth amused himself by cutting a bow and arrows for Stella, until the Rajah and elephants appeared simultaneously, and a fresh start was ordered. This time he went with General Lawrence and Bruce, and sat listening quietly while they talked to each other.

"This afternoon's beat will be a farce," the elder man was saying; "they never give us two good shoots in one day, and the Rajah himself says that he scarcely expects more than a few cheetah. I said Stella might come—she pleaded so hard."

Bruce agreed with him when they reached the spot, a fairly open scrub, with a hill rising in front. The shikaris had not troubled themselves to make machans, but had placed four low patwas (leaf screens) at short intervals.

"I fear this is scarcely worth coming for," said the General. "Bruce, will you stay here with Miss Tweedie and the children? We will go on further."

The beat had barely begun when Bruce found that the shikari had muddled the guns, and promising to be back in a minute, he set off towards the General.

"Take care of your Choti Mem, Kenneth," he said, smiling, "and—" but the sentence passed unfinished, for he felt an absurd wild longing to say "and mine." That was all over; he must pull himself together.

Miss Tweedie's head ached, and it was tiresome sitting in such a cramped position with the sun streaming over her back. She talked to the children in whispers to while away the time, wondering vaguely why Bruce did not return. The shikari squatting behind her was dozing—nothing stirred. If only a buck would come out, she would have a shot, she thought, but it was some time since she had had any practice. She noticed how quickly the ground broke up on the right, and pictured the nullah behind it. Was Captain Bruce never coming? Suddenly someone fired, and the shot was followed by a roar of mingled rage and pain. The man behind her awoke with a start; his face was strangely excited.

"Tendwa," he hissed.

The animal was breaking out in the direction of their patwa. For a moment Kenneth forgot the need of silence. "It is a leopard. Oh! where is your gun?" he cried wildly.

Miss Tweedie had snatched it already; her face was deadly pale. The shikari was tearing at the strap of the cartridge-bag. "Steady, Ken," she muttered. Would the strap never give way? Why did not Bruce come? What had he said? "Take care of—" Where was Stella? The boy grasped her skirt.

Taking advantage of their distracted attention, the little white-froaked figure had run into the open, following the uncertain flight of a small red butterfly.

Without a moment's thought the boy rushed forward, and as a gleam of yellow flashed from the bushes he had caught her by the arm and was thrusting her backwards. The child tripped, and sat down suddenly with a cry of surprise, while the rifle snapped into position a second too late, for the wounded leopard had already sprung at the little figure in front. The next moment the beast rolled over, shot through the heart, and the boy's cry rang out as he felt himself slipping from the edge into the nullah.

"Good God! what has happened?" Bruce rushed up breathless.

The girl pointed ahead. "Kenneth," she gasped, and then, giving way beneath the strain, sank down, clasping Stella, who had run up to her with wide, frightened eyes, and was now sobbing bitterly. Bruce dashed past the dead leopard; his brain seemed to reel; he scarcely knew what he expected to find over the edge. One glance sufficed to show him a little figure in a rough brown coat lying almost twenty feet below him, huddled amongst the stones. Then he swung himself down the bank and

reached the boy's side. As he lifted the head very gently the brown eyes opened.

"I took care—" but the words ended in a moan, and merciful unconsciousness came to smother the child's pain.

The rest of the party gathered round with frightened faces, and the General gave directions for a canvas bed to be fetched from the camp. The Rajah came up with offers of assistance. The leopard must have been hidden quite close to the patwas; it was most extraordinary. Was the poor little fellow much hurt? There was a Doctor Sahib encamped two or three miles from his village. He would send to fetch him; but the General eagerly snatched at the chance of doing something, and went off at once. It was decided that the rest of the party should start homewards, with the exception of Mrs. Lawrence, Bruce, and some natives, who would remain with the boy. The hours dragged slowly by; it seemed as if help would never come. Bruce sat watching the child's unconscious face, wondering what his mother was doing at the moment in Barrapore, remembering sorrowfully how those little hands had clung to him that morning, and how the boy had stood up strong and fearless behind the old mahout.

It was late before the mournful procession wound into the camp. Mrs. Lawrence was riding, and Bruce trudged silently beside the stretcher. The General and the doctor, a tall Scotchman, were waiting for them, and the coolies carried their little burden straight into the tent. Afterwards Bruce could never tell how he had managed to pass the time until the men came out again. At last he was able to hurry forward and peer into the doctor's eyes, trying to read his answer, but the Scotchman turned his face away.

"Puir laddie," was all he said.

"He is asking for you," whispered the General, brokenly, and Bruce passed inside.

Mrs. Lawrence stood by the bed; a lamp close at hand was shedding a soft light over the brown head resting on the pillow.

"Only Bruce," murmured Kenneth, and she went out, leaving them alone. The man took one of the little hands in his own, and the boy gazed at him feverishly.

"I wanted to tell you," he began, "but—I can't quite remember. What was it I wanted to say, Bruce?" His voice trembled piteously.

"Something about your fall, or saving Stella?" suggested the other.

"No, no, before that, when we were looking at the tiger; oh! what was it I said?"

Bruce racked his brains. "You said you were very glad about it because I was leaving to-morrow. Was that it?" he asked at last.

The boy's eyes brightened. "Yes, yes!" eagerly; "she nearly cried. I thought you would know—what was the matter?"

"Who nearly cried, old chap?"

"Tweedledee. You know I was telling her about the sketch, and—and about your going away; then I was afraid the branch had hit her. Bruce, find out, make it all right."

"Yes, Ken, I will." For the life of him he could not have spoken another word; he felt that he was choking.

A long silence, then the weak little voice came again.

"It was a pity you could not teach me to shoot. Shall I ever shoot now, Bruce?"

"I don't know, Ken; God knows best."

"I should like—to have tried—just once," then came something indistinctly in Hindustani, and the boy's eyes closed.

Mrs. Lawrence came back again, and Bruce slipped away. Outside everything was bathed in moonlight; as the breeze stirred the trees above, the dappled shadows on the ground moved restlessly. He caught sight of a figure near Miss Tweedie's tent, and crossed over towards it.

"Asleep," he said, in answer to the girl's questioning eyes. Then he moved a step nearer, resting his hand on the ropes.

"Miss Tweedie," he said, gently, "this is no time to think of ourselves, but Kenneth asked me to find out—" he stopped in the difficulty of choosing his words, then leant forward again, speaking low and hurriedly. "Is it possible that you made a mistake yesterday, that I have still a chance?"

For answer she held out her hands; he took them quietly and drew her towards him, kissing her soft hair; then as the sound of footsteps broke upon the stillness he released her gently and turned away. Long after he had disappeared again into the boy's tent she stood still in the moonlight, feeling the grasp of those firm strong hands upon her own. Later on Mrs. Lawrence came to fetch her.

"Kenneth is much weaker," she said, "but we must be thankful that he does not suffer more; the doctor says that it is wonderful, for his spine is terribly injured. I am afraid there is not much hope, but it is better even so than that he should be—" she could not bring herself to say "a cripple."

When the boy next opened his eyes he saw Miss Tweedie close to him.



"What was it Nunhu called her?" he asked, wearily—"Choti—Choti—"

"Choti Mem," she answered, tenderly.

A smile flickered over his face at the remembrance. Thinking that it would please him, Mrs. Lawrence went out to fetch the child, and brought her in wrapped in a little blue dressing-gown, her cheeks flushed with sleep. She held her low down until the bright curls touched the pillow. Stella put out her arms and kissed him, quite quietly, for she was awed by her

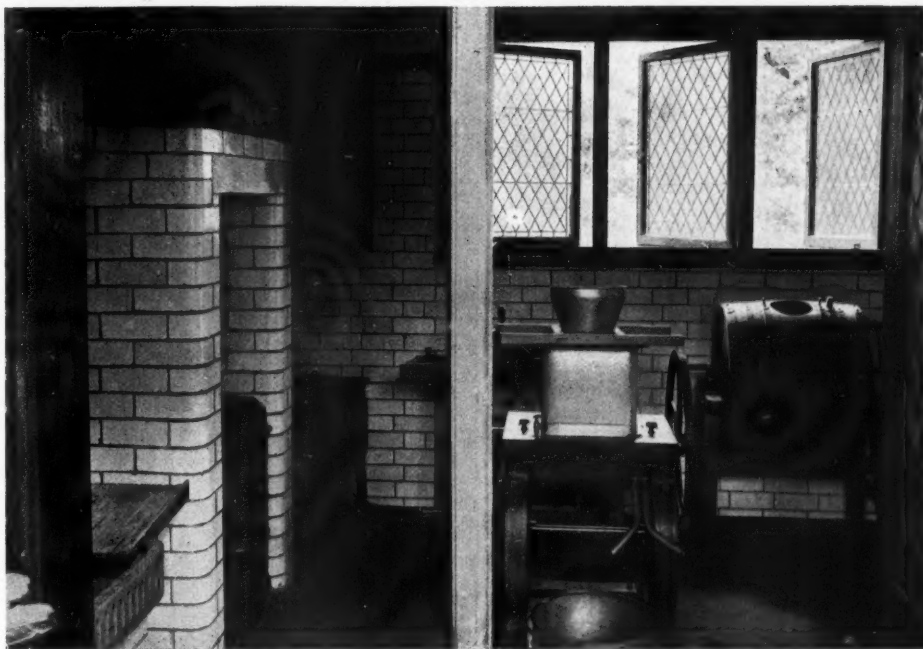
strange surroundings. And so, as had been his first thought always, so now was his last kiss for Choti Mem.

As the dawn broke, the natives went silently about their work: not for worlds would they have disturbed the little master's slumbers. The ladies, worn out, had gone away for rest, but the end came sooner than they thought. Within the tent the General was stooping down, for the last time, folding the little hands that had so bravely saved his Stella, while Bruce leant his head upon the table and sobbed like a child.

CHARLES DALLAS.

## HIGHBURY HOME FARM.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S beautiful little home farm at Highbury Moor Park, near Birmingham, is an interesting example of what can be done by those who wish to have a model dairy close to the house. Practically it is within the garden grounds (only a single field being outside) and separated from them by a high wall. For such a purpose it is evident that the requirements are buildings neat to the point of daintiness, choice livestock that will both yield excellent produce and give pleasure to the eye, and arrangements to reduce the untidiness of the farmyard to its narrowest limits. These conditions are amply fulfilled at Highbury, where all that good taste and judgment can compass has been brought to the perfection of the establishment. The herd of Jerseys was started in 1894, and the reasons for selecting this breed are self-apparent. To the writer, at least, it surpasses all others in gracefulness of form, and though excelled by many in the quantity of produce, it has no serious rival for quality. Mr. Chamberlain went to the very best sources for the animals that were to form the herd, his first purchases being from Lord Rothschild, an account of whose famous Jersey herd was given in COUNTRY LIFE of July 14th, and subsequent purchases were made from such well-known breeders as Mr. Pope of Beresford Manor, Dr. Watney of Pangbourne, Mr. Freeman Thomas, and the Maisonette Dairy Company of King's Norton, Worcestershire. At first Tring bulls were mostly used, but the stock is now supplied by two bred on the farm—viz., Sovereign and Golden Guinea. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has so far been very seldom represented in the show-yard, his appearances as exhibitor having been confined to two occasions, once at the Bingley Show and once at the Hereford-

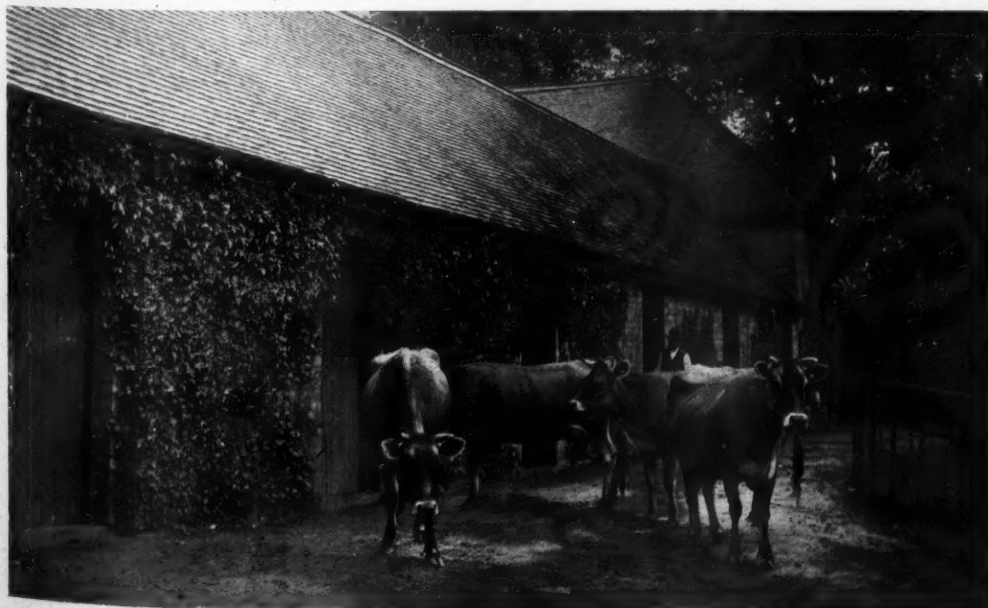


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THE DAIRY.

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shire and Worcestershire Society's Show at Redditch, when he took first prize for a young bull. At present there are about twenty cows at the farm, in addition to heifers and calves. The ground lies rather high, about 450ft. above the sea level, and is much exposed to cold winds, so that the climate is harsher than that of the original home of these cows, with its warm sun and soft airs. It seems pretty true, however, that they suffer more from rich feeding and pampering than from harder living. One of the secrets of their success at Tring is that the frugal customs of the islands have been as closely followed as possible. With a little care in the case of new importations they are found to do very well indeed at Highbury, where, except in extremely rigorous winters, the cows run out in the fields all the year round, with no protection except a few open sheds to shelter in. Experience has shown that they thrive under this régime, and at Highbury it is made a special object to maintain and develop the natural hardihood of the breed. We know that farming opinion is that they are delicate, but against that it is to be said that in the most successful herds there is least coddling, and some of the more recent prize-winners are very old—the best proof that could be given of the naturally strong constitution of the Jersey. The chief practical object for which the cows are kept at Highbury is to supply the house with the best quality of milk and butter, and an advantage about having Jerseys is that the surplus of their produce finds a ready sale at higher prices than people care to give for "farmer's milk."



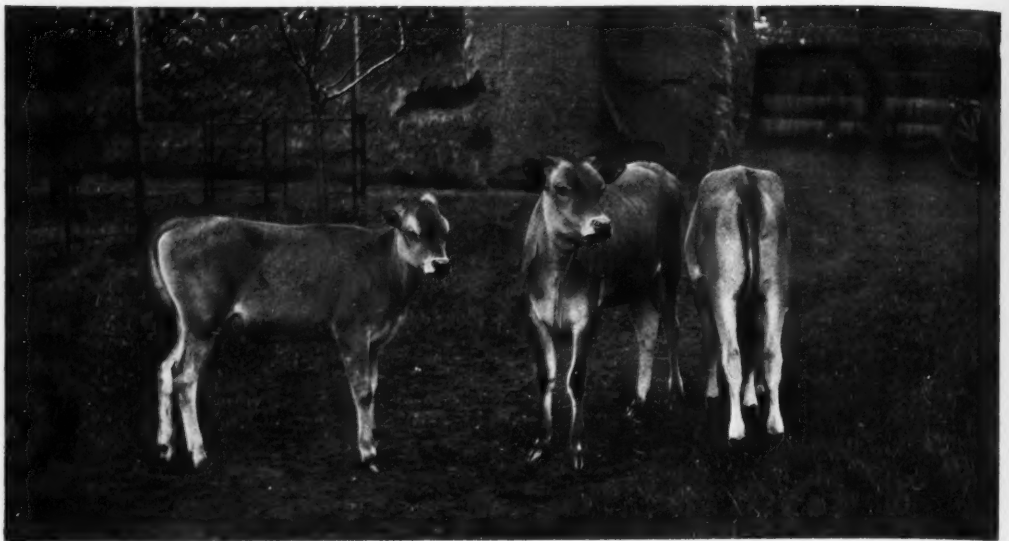
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COW-HOUSES.

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Young as the herd is, it can already show a very fair return, the average reached being about 600 gallons a year per cow. At Tring an average of 640 gallons is attained, but the Highbury cows are in the way of catching up this record. One cow has given, in four successive years, 678, 769, 984, and 855 gallons, being in milk from forty-two to fifty weeks each year.

The dairy, just inside the garden and close to the farm buildings, is a house of two rooms. The first part, consisting of the dairy proper, is an octagonal room with double walls and an air space between. The roof is ceiled inside and heavily thatched with Lincolnshire rushes, which at the same time ensure coolness and impart a pleasant appearance. It has a wide verandah to the west, and is sheltered to the south by a small plantation. Inside, the walls are tiled, and the floor is made of terazzo, or chipped marble, admirable alike for coolness and



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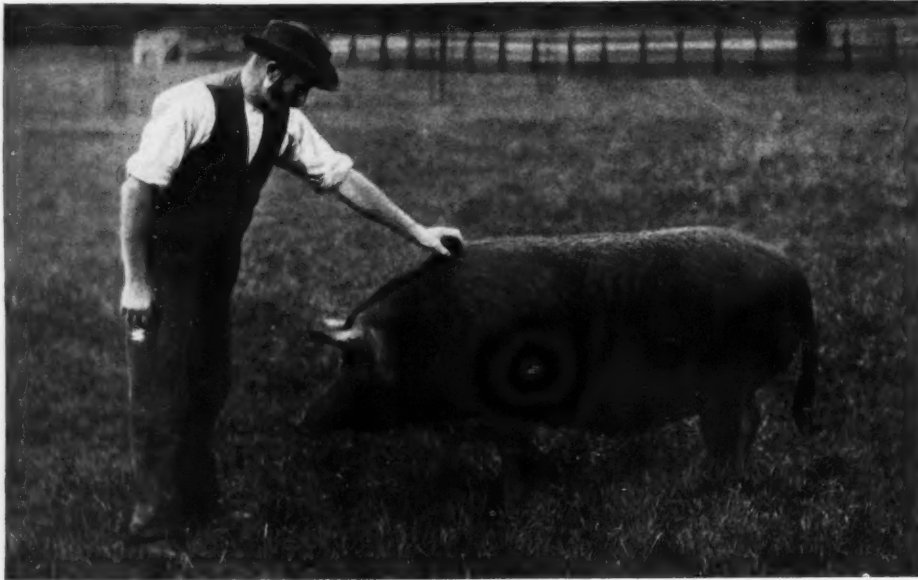
## IN THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

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jasmine, and cluster roses. It will be surprising, indeed, if some of those who are meditating the erection of a dairy do not avail themselves of so pretty an idea.

In addition to the Jerseys, a considerable stock of poultry—turkeys, geese, ducks, and chickens—is raised. Nearly all the eggs are hatched in an incubator, and the chickens brought up in foster-mothers. To an enquiry as to whether they were as good as the hens, "Well, you see," the poultry woman replied, "they don't trample on the eggs or eat all the best of the food." Our photograph gives a very good impression of the excellent arrangements for carrying on this branch of farming. It is a very easy matter to keep poultry at a dairy farm, and, indeed, the yard seems to be incomplete without them, but the pig is no less necessary. Without the latter, indeed, it would be impossible to conduct it economically, and, where the attempt has been made, the disposal of the butter-milk and even of the separated milk is a very serious difficulty.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has, therefore, found a place for a piggery among the rest of his buildings, and we are glad to say he has chosen that fine old breed, the Tamworth, to inhabit it. A few years ago this breed was in considerable demand abroad on the part of bacon curers in Denmark, Germany, and Sweden; but, as crossing it with the pigs native to these



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## A TAMWORTH SOW.

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cleanliness. The effect is singularly attractive, enhanced as it is by the white cream dishes and piles of the rich golden Jersey butter on blue and white china plates. On the hottest days the dairy is fresh, and possessed of that coolness so essential to the making of good butter. The small working dairy is seen through the open door. It is fitted with cream separator, churn, scalding stove for making Devonshire cream, and other implements of the dairymaid.

The farm buildings form a rough square, and the most important of them is the principal cow-house. It is a long, airy building of nineteen stalls, with a calf box at the end. An agreeable feature, from a visitor's point of view, is the pathway at the heads of the cattle and raised above the general level. It enables one to inspect the cows without any of that inconvenience incidental to the ordinary cow-house. The outside is very pretty, being covered with ivy, ampelopsis,



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## FEEDING THE POULTRY.

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places has not resulted well, the demand has fallen away in recent years.

We show a photograph of one of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's pigs—a typical Tamworth sow. The other pictures, except the extremely engaging one of the calves, have been touched upon in the course of the article, and that one speaks for itself.

The system on which the interior of the cow-shed is arranged is one which might well be followed by the amateur dairyman. The animals stand head to wall, this being by far the best position for dairy cows, especially when the number is not very great.

In fattening cattle it is often more convenient for them to face an open passage, because that facilitates the work of feeding; but with milch cows so much has to be done from behind—milking, cleaning, and so forth—that it becomes almost instinctive on the part of the cowman to do the feeding as well; and even where the original arrangements were evidently intended for feeding from the passage, it is not unusual to find that he has fallen into this habit. It need scarcely be added of a dairy so well appointed otherwise, that the most careful attention has been given to ventilation and the supply of water.

## HOODED THIEVES.

FROM the last week in October onwards the hoodie crow is one of the commonest, as well as one of the most conspicuous, objects of the country on the East Anglian coast. When the autumn migration is in full swing, no



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JERSEY BULL.

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may see the hungry diners often driven to resort to the practice of the eagle that killed a philosopher by accidentally dropping a tortoise on his head. One after another you can mark them rise into the air, poise for a moment, and then hurriedly descend, in order to make sure of the contents of a cockle-shell which they have dropped, before an interloper seizes it.

"Denshmen" the Norfolk peasants call the hoodie crows, by which they mean to imply that the birds come from Denmark. This is not strictly correct, for our hoodie crows come from a farther north and east than Denmark; but in East Anglia, where Danish camps are many, and Danish names and folklore linger, it is natural that all invaders should be supposed to hail from the land of the Danes. But there is little animosity in the Norfolk rustic's mind against the hoodie. He does not, like the rook, pull the corn-stacks to pieces, and if he takes pheasants' eggs—well, that is the concern of the lord who owns the pheasants. They will not deny, however, that in a bad lambing case the hoodie crow will, unless the shepherd is on the watch, take advantage of the helplessness of the ewe to pick out her eyes before beginning to feast upon her weakling lamb; but when the ewes are safely housed in their straw compartments in the lambing yards, the hoodie crow can only hop around outside, and pick up what honest living there may be for him.

To the Northern game preserver, however, the hoodie crow is probably the worst pest known to science, for it is an adroit bird's-nester, and prefers the eggs of grouse to any other form of food

for its nursery. Luckily, it only breeds in Scotland and a few localities in the Southern kingdom; though it is hard to say whether our common carrion crow is not really the hoodie crow in another dress. Certainly it has all the bad tastes of the hoodie for weakling lambs, young game, and eggs, and there is no doubt that in places where both kinds of birds are common they inter-breed freely. The offspring of such unions have the grey mantle and vest of the hoodie crow, splashed with the black of the carrion crow; but in order to prove that the two birds really belong to the same species, it would be necessary to ascertain that no serious diminution of fertility characterises the hybrids.



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THE SENTINEL.

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flock of new arrivals is complete without a sprinkling of hooded crows in the van. They are not gregarious, like the rooks and jackdaws who come with them; for each hoodie flies by himself on a line of his own choosing, and he takes little notice of others of his kind whom he may pass or who pass him. But for hours, day after day, while the stream of migration passes by, you shall never be out of sight of at least half-a-dozen hoodies; and, for all his affected solitariness, it is a big gang of grey-mantled thieves that assemble to discuss the cockles on the sand-flats which lie beyond the salt marshes on his line of flight. The hooded crow has a powerful beak, and is never reluctant to use it; but the cockle often has a tough and tight shell. So you



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WAITING FOR FATHER.

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In our pictures we have some characteristic groups of young families of hoodies. In one we see them all perched upon the lichen-eaten branches of an old mountain ash, WAITING FOR FATHER, who is no doubt looting the laird's preserves. There is no suspicion of carrion crow blood in these young hoodies, as may be seen by the pure, almost silvery, grey of chest and back; but their characters are none the better for that. All the precocious malevolence of the Hooligan glares from their watchful eyes.

In another picture it would seem that father has been coming home to some purpose, for one at least of the bandit brood has comfortably settled down to the enjoyment of that feeling of blissful content that follows a good dinner, however nefariously acquired. But his withdrawal leaves THREE STILL HUNGRY, with expressions which plainly indicate that unless another grouse egg apiece is forthcoming they will have remarks to make.

In the remaining photograph they are grouped in more patient attitudes, as though they were aware that even such skilled thieves as their parents cannot pick up a meal for them off every stone. So, while three resign themselves to wait for their parents' return from what may be a distant foray, only one remains erect, alert and watchful, as THE SENTINEL.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE CLEMATISES.

**M**ANY species of this beautiful climbing plant are grown in our gardens to-day, the majority of which are thoroughly hardy. Some of the best-known are

*Clematis balearica*, which bears yellowish white flowers spotted with purple in the interior, about 2in. in diameter. In the South of England it often begins to flower as early in the year as January.

*C. coccinea* bears scarlet bell-shaped flowers. Several hybrids of this Clematis have lately been raised, which are valuable for the greenhouse.

*C. flammula*, the Virgin's Bower—perhaps the commonest of the family, with the exception of *C. vitalba*, the Traveller's Joy, or Old Man's Beard, which grows wild in our hedgerows—bears small white scented flowers in great profusion during the month of August, and is useful for covering trellises, archways, and arbours.



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THREE STILL HUNGRY.

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*C. florida*.—The type of this species bears large white flowers. Several varieties have, however, been raised by nurserymen, bearing both single and double flowers of different tints, among the best of these being Duchess of Edinburgh, double, white; John Gould Veitch, double, lavender-blue; and Lucy Lemoine, double, white.

*C. graveolens*.—This, a yellow-flowered species from China, bears its flowers in July, and is a very rapid climber, the flowers being followed by feathery seed-vessels.

*C. Jackmani*, a hybrid, is well known by its large purple flowers, and is grown in almost every town and village in England. Some of the best varieties of this Clematis are the type Jackmani alba, white; Gipsy Queen, velvety purple; rubro-violacea, murex; and velutina purpurea, blackish mulberry. *C. lanuginosa* bears the largest flowers of any Clematis, some of these exceeding 7in. in diameter. Anderson Henry is the best white, while Otto Froebel, pale lavender-white, Fairy Queen, flesh colour with pink stripe, La France, violet-purple, and the two doubles, Venus Victrix, lavender, and Enchantress, white, are also beautiful flowers.

*C. montana*.—This is a very charming kind. It flowers in May and June, and bears an abundance of ivory white blooms 2in. in diameter. It is

very vigorous in growth, and admirably adapted for rambling over old trees and evergreens.

*C. paniculata* is very similar to *C. flammula*, but flowers a month earlier.

*C. patens* bears large white flowers. Good varieties of this Clematis are Duke of Edinburgh, violet-purple; Fair Rosamond, white; Mrs. Crawshaw, pale pink with bronze stripe; and Stella, pale violet. Of the large-flowered Clematises the patens group is the earliest to bloom, beginning in May. They flower from the old wood, the only pruning they require being the cutting away of dead wood. The florida group starts flowering a fortnight or so later. The plants require the same treatment as the patens varieties as regards pruning. The lanuginosa group begins to bloom in June, and flowers on short summer shoots. Moderate autumnal pruning is requisite. The Jackmani group is the last to flower, blooming from July to October. The plants flower on the new wood, and should be cut down to within 12in. of the ground during the winter.

### USES OF THE CLEMATIS.

As this is the planting season, it is important to refer to beautiful climbers of this kind. The Clematis, in all its charming variety, is delightful, and many of the kinds mentioned, *C. graveolens*, *C. montana*, and the forms of *C. florida*, patens, and Jackmani, are amongst our most important garden climbers.

### THE JAPANESE VINE.

This is very beautiful at the time of writing for its colour, the big leaves quite crimson, and making a brave show in the garden. It is a vine to plant against a pergola for its picturesque growth, not for its foliage, and splendid autumn tints. *Vitis Coignetiae* and *V. Thunbergi* are the finest of the Japanese vines.



## RABBIT-PROOF PLANTS.

It is not easy to compile a list of plants that rabbits refuse to touch, for these pests to the gardener will consume almost anything. Plants, too, that rabbits refuse to touch in one neighbourhood, doubtless because of an abundance of more appetising food, are devoured wholesale elsewhere, and whether the winter be mild or severe is another point; in truth, during a very hard winter everything practically is consumed. The following plants, however, are not favourite food with the rabbit: Azaleas, Rhododendrons, Spurge Laurel, the Sabin or Juniper, Furze, the Forsythias, Jasminum nudiflorum, tree Peonies, the Snowberry (*Symphoricarpos*), Butcher's Brooms (*Ruscus aculeatus* and *R. racemosus*), Boxthorn (*Lycium barbarum*), Spindle-tree (*Euonymus europæus*), Privet, Yuccas, *Hydrangea Hortensis*, Wig or Smoke tree (*Rhus Cotinus*), Box, and the Hibiscus (*H. syriacus*). Of hardy herbaceous plants, Flame-flowers (*Kniphofias*, better known as *Tritomas*), Irises, Winter Aconite, Daffodils, Solomon's Seal, Lily of the Valley, Periwinkle, Aquilegias in variety, Dog-tooth Violets (*Erythroniums*), Scillas, Delphiniums (*Perennial Larkspurs*), Primroses, Anemones, Aubrietias, Violets, Canterbury Bells, Foxgloves, Poppies, *Cineraria maritima*, *Stachys lanata*, Muscari (*Grape Hyacinth*), and Arabis.

## SWEET VIOLETS IN WINTER.

Before us, as we write, is a vaseful of Admiral Avellan Violets—a warm reddish purple flower, filled with the sweetest fragrance. There are only a few shoots, but so powerful is their fragrance that the whole atmosphere smells of Violets. In every garden a few frames should be planted with the best kinds for winter flowering, and there is nothing difficult to encounter. It is quite a simple thing to get Violets throughout an ordinary winter, and some of the finest and most fragrant blooms ever shown were from plants grown by a cottager in a cold frame. The golden rule for managing Violets in winter consists in giving the plants as much air and sunshine as possible, raising the lights a little at the back when heavy rains prevail, but removing them altogether during bright, fine days. It is not so much frost that has to be guarded against as heavy rains. An occasional stirring of the soil is beneficial, and two or three top-dressings of soot and fine soil to keep things sweet and agreeable for the plants. The Violet mentioned (Admiral Avellan) is single, and other single varieties of much beauty are Princess of Wales, La France, and Luxonne. California is also worth mentioning, but Princess of Wales seems to have superseded California in public favour. Marie Louise still remains one of the most welcome of the double Violets; its flowers are little bags of perfume. Mrs. J. J. Astor, Comte de Brazza, Lady Hume Campbell, De Parme, and Belle de Chatenay are all excellent.

## JAPANESE ROSE MME. G. BRUANT.

This is one of the most beautiful of the Japanese Roses, with fragrant semi-double flowers.

## THE SEA BUCKTHORN.

We have written more than one note about this beautiful berried shrub in COUNTRY LIFE, but another note will only serve to direct increased attention to it. In the Royal Gardens, Kew, it is conspicuous throughout the winter, and the bushes by the round pond increase in beauty with age. Mr. Bean, the superintendent of the arboretum, writes that this year, as usual, the wood made last year (*i.e.*, the summer of 1899) is thickly cased with the bright, orange-coloured berries. "These remain on the branches all the winter, but later on, if hard frosts are experienced, they become rather deadened, and lose most of their brightness. Notwithstanding this, few shrubs remain so long in beauty. As is now, or ought to be, well known, the flowers are unsexual, and those of one sex only are borne on a tree. Male trees, therefore, will not produce berries, nor will female trees do so unless a male is near enough for its pollen to reach them. This explains the disappointment that is frequently expressed about this tree being unfruitful. It is best planted in groups of, say, five to a dozen plants, one plant in every group being male, the rest female. The sex of the trees ought to be ascertained before they leave the nursery. Naturally the Sea Buckthorn is a small tree or large shrub; in gardens it may be kept low and shrubby, if desired, by pruning every few years. Kept to a single stem, and its lower branches removed, it makes a pretty standard tree." It is a native shrub, and is found more especially on the south coasts. Apart from the beauty and profusion of its fruit clusters, the Buckthorn is pleasant to see, by reason of its silvery-grey, willow-like leaves. *Hippophae rhamnoides* is the botanical name.

## SPIRÆA PRUNIFOLIA FLORE-PLENO IN AUTUMN.

Of the many shrubby Spiræas, few are remarkable for their autumn tints, and of them by far the brightest is this pretty double-flowered kind, which has leaves heavily suffused with bright red at this season. In any selection of the best Spiræas, this is certainly entitled to a place, as in addition to the bright autumn leafage, the pure white rosette-like blossoms are borne in great profusion in the month of April, and it is also amenable to forcing, for which purpose it is likely to be far more generally used than it is at present. An isolated specimen of this Spiræa forms a very pleasing object, as it naturally assumes the character of a loose spreading bush, and when in flower the long slender shoots are clothed for a considerable distance with clusters of delightful blossoms. As far as we know there is only one other shrubby Spiræa with double blossoms, and that is *S. reevesiana flore-pleno*, which is, however, far less ornamental than the first mentioned. *Spiræa reevesiana*, which is also, by the way, known as *S. cantoniensis*, reaches a height of about 3ft. or 4ft., while the flowers are later and not so freely borne as those of *S. prunifolia flore-pleno*. The single-flowered form of this last is, we believe, in cultivation, but very rare.

## SPIRÆA ANTHONY WATERER.

There are several forms of Spiræa Bumalda now in cultivation, Anthony Waterer being one, and all maintain a succession of flowers from midsummer until the autumn frosts. As this season has been remarkable in many districts for the complete absence of frost up to the present, this Spiræa is still flowering with unwonted freedom, particularly where the old flowers have been continually removed as soon as they fade, for a little attention in this respect is well repaid by the additional wealth of blossoms. A few specimens that had been so treated were brought under the writer's notice the other day, and they presented a delightful autumn feature. The ordinary *S. Bumalda* with pink blossoms, the white-flowered variety *alba*, and that at the head of this note—Anthony Waterer—with bright crimson flowers, form a trio of charming little shrubs, seen

to great advantage either grouped together or as an edging or foreground to some of the larger-growing members of the family.

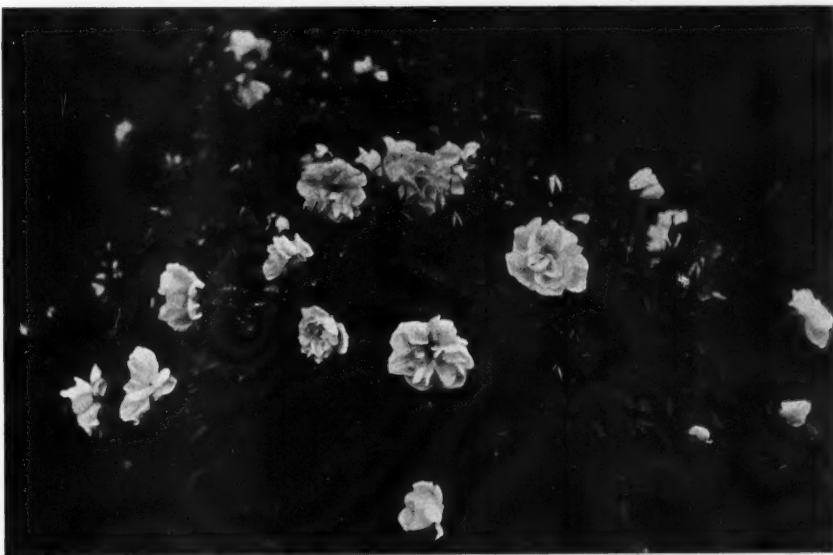
## STOCKS.

Stocks are amongst the most popular of flowers, and no wonder, when their beautiful colours and delicious fragrance are remembered. Moreover, they are of easy culture, so that amateurs can grow them to perfection. Planted in beds, such choice colours as scarlet, white, rose, and purple are very telling, and borders composed of half-a-dozen or more distinct colours are also charming, and last in full beauty for a long period. The

## TEN-WEEK STOCK

is the most popular, and is quite easy to grow. The seed may be sown at any time from February to May, March being the best month. Sow in shallow boxes or pans in a compost of light loamy soil, leaf mould, and silver sand, covering the seed lightly and making the surface firm and level. Sprinkle with water from a fine-rosetted can, and stand the boxes or pans in a warm moist house or frame. A temperature of 55deg. is suitable. When the seedlings appear admit air liberally but cautiously, and water them carefully, as if kept too wet they will damp off. When the young plants can be handled, prick them out into other boxes and place them in a sunny frame—shading them from bright sunshine—giving them as much air as the state of the weather will allow, and keeping the soil comfortably moist. Thus treated they will grow quickly and strongly, and will be ready for planting out in open beds or borders early in May.

Stocks require good rich soil, which should be made firm by treading, and the seedlings should be planted gin. apart, and the soil pressed firmly round the root. In planting, amateurs often err in selecting only the tallest and strongest plants, and discarding the dwarfier ones. The latter generally have the most fibrous roots, and as a rule produce a far greater percentage of double flowers than the former. After planting mulch between them with very short stable litter or old mushroom-bed manure, and well soak the ground with water. The mulching will keep the roots cool and moist in hot dry weather, which is of the greatest importance. When in active growth water them, say, once in ten days with weak manure water, or sprinkle a little artificial manure on the surface and water it in. For a late autumn-flowering batch seed may be sown in a warm frame in the middle of April. Sow the seed thinly, thin out the young plants



JAPANESE ROSE MME. G. BRUANT.

freely, and encourage a rapid and vigorous growth by a liberal supply of moisture, both at the roots and in the atmosphere.

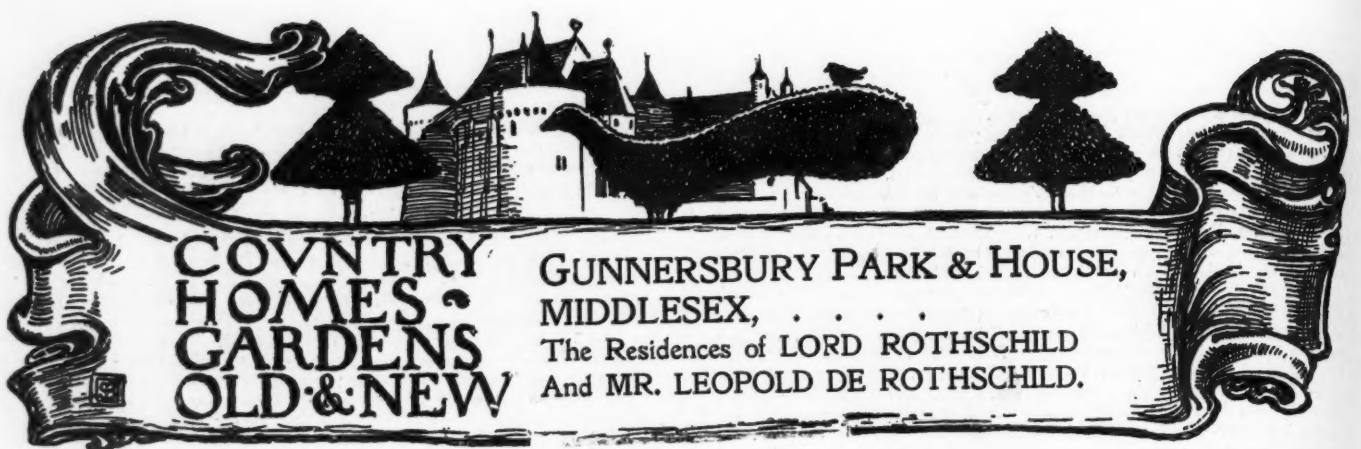
## EAST LOTHIAN STOCKS

are very beautiful, and, perhaps, the most fragrant of all. They require rich soil and good cultivation, but are extremely hardy. Seed for the earliest batch of plants should be sown under a handlight or in a frame in a semi-shaded position. Sow very thinly, and thin the young plants out to 2in. apart when large enough. Keep them well matured and aired, and, when the second pair of rough leaves are formed, pot them into small pots in good loamy soil, a little well-rotted manure, and some coarse sand. Stand them on ashes in a sunny open position, removing them to a cold pit or frame in November, and exposing them fully in fine weather. Protect from severe frost with mats, and keep the soil in the pots on the dry side during winter. Assist with weak liquid manure water in spring, and plant them out in a bed or border in deeply-dug, well-enriched soil at the beginning of April. Mulch and keep the roots moist and they will grow into dense plants and present a bright appearance throughout June, July, and August. A portion of the plants may be potted into 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or 6in. pots, and allowed to bloom in them. If kept in a quite cool temperature they will flower profusely, and make a brave show in the greenhouse or conservatory in May and June. Seed may also be sown in gentle heat in March or April, and the plants treated as advised for Ten-week Stock. The colours of the flowers are crimson, scarlet, white, and purple.

## GIANT OR BROMPTON STOCKS

have the finest spike of bloom, often from 15 in. to 18 in. in length; they are very massive, and, being quite hardy, may be grown by those who do not possess a frame. Sow the seed in fine soil in a cool sheltered place out of doors early in June, prick out the young plants when large enough, and plant them in their final quarters in August. They must have a sheltered nook or corner, and be planted in rich loamy soil. Give them plenty of room, and if the winter is not exceptionally severe they will make a brave show in May.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



**G**UNNERSBURY is a place of orchards and market gardens. They are rapidly disappearing, of course, because Gunnersbury is a suburb of the metropolis, and no suburb long enjoys acres of Hessle pears and Wellington apples, or stretches of cabbages and tomatoes. No; these scenes are becoming pictures of the past; but Gunnersbury possesses a beautiful garden, for in this parish Lord and Leopold de Rothschild have their suburban retreat on the hill overlooking the Valley of the Thames and the busy thoroughfares of ancient Chiswick.

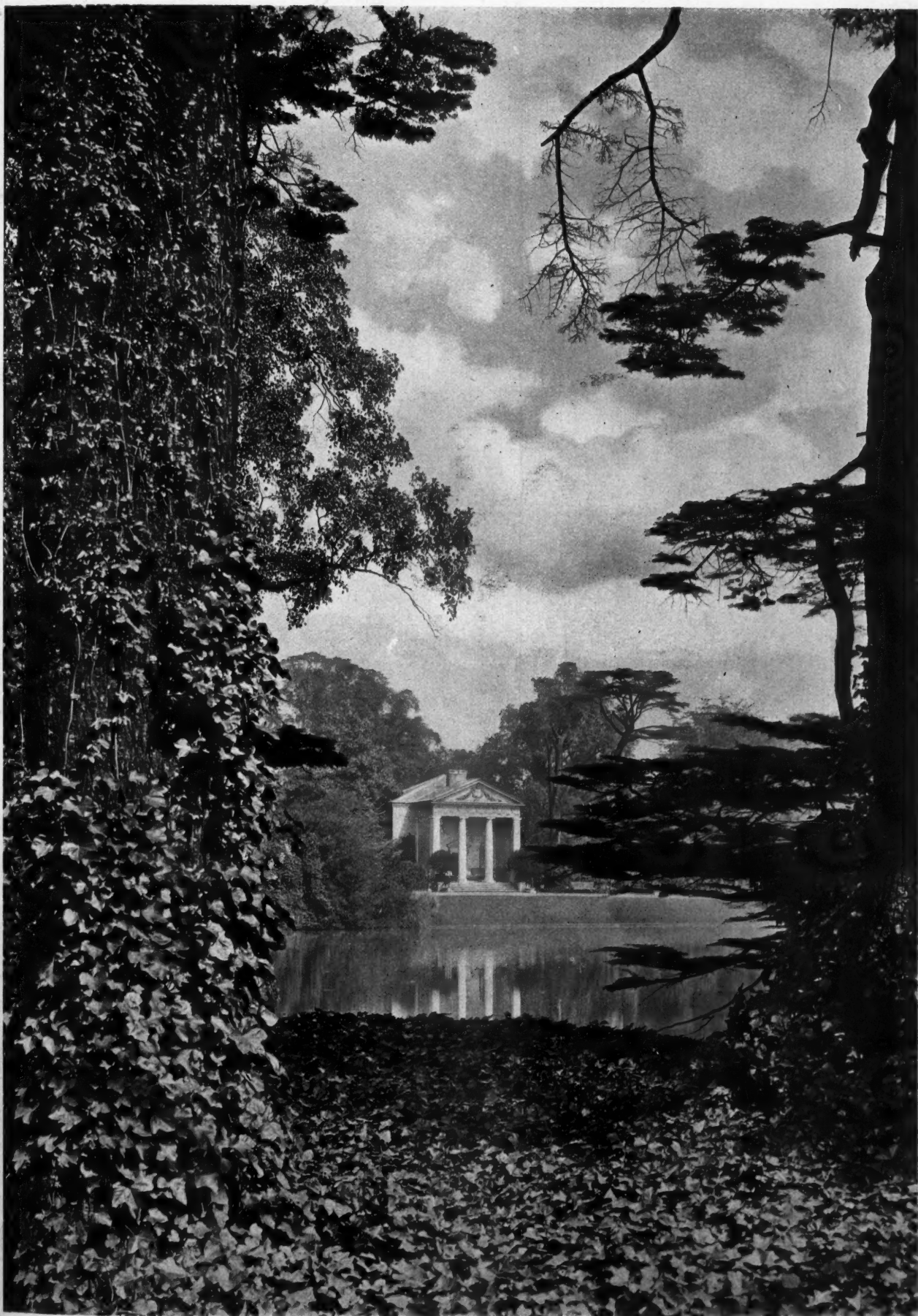
Turning from the high road to Kew and Chiswick, and across fields of homely esculents, the ground gradually rises until the hill-top is reached, where the two residences are placed, with the lovely gardens as a setting to the picture. At one time two distinct estates existed, but they are now merged into one, the famous Gunnersbury Park, the favourite home of the late Baroness Rothschild, standing in a cloud of colour when

the flowers of blue September make big groups here and there and the glorious geraniums in tubs dash the terrace walk with scarlet.

Pleasant is it to walk through the grounds of the two houses. Vistas of leafy beauty satisfy the seeker after well-earned repose, and many noble trees cast their shadows across the rich turf winding amongst the beds and shrubberies. It was a warm September day when we visited Gunnersbury. Shadows flitted across the beautiful gardens, then in their autumn dress of sumptuous colouring from the groups of the best of all tiger lilies (*L. tigrinum splendens*), roses in profusion, the strong yellows of the sunflowers, and ruby reds glowing upon the lake surface. There is nothing formal about the gardening; the whole design is simple and natural. Hardy flowers and exotics fill beds upon the grass stretches, and at the foot of the lawn is a sweet picture of bamboo, water, and water-loving flowers, artlessly arranged to teach the great truth that a garden is not a place of a few things, but a reflection of the



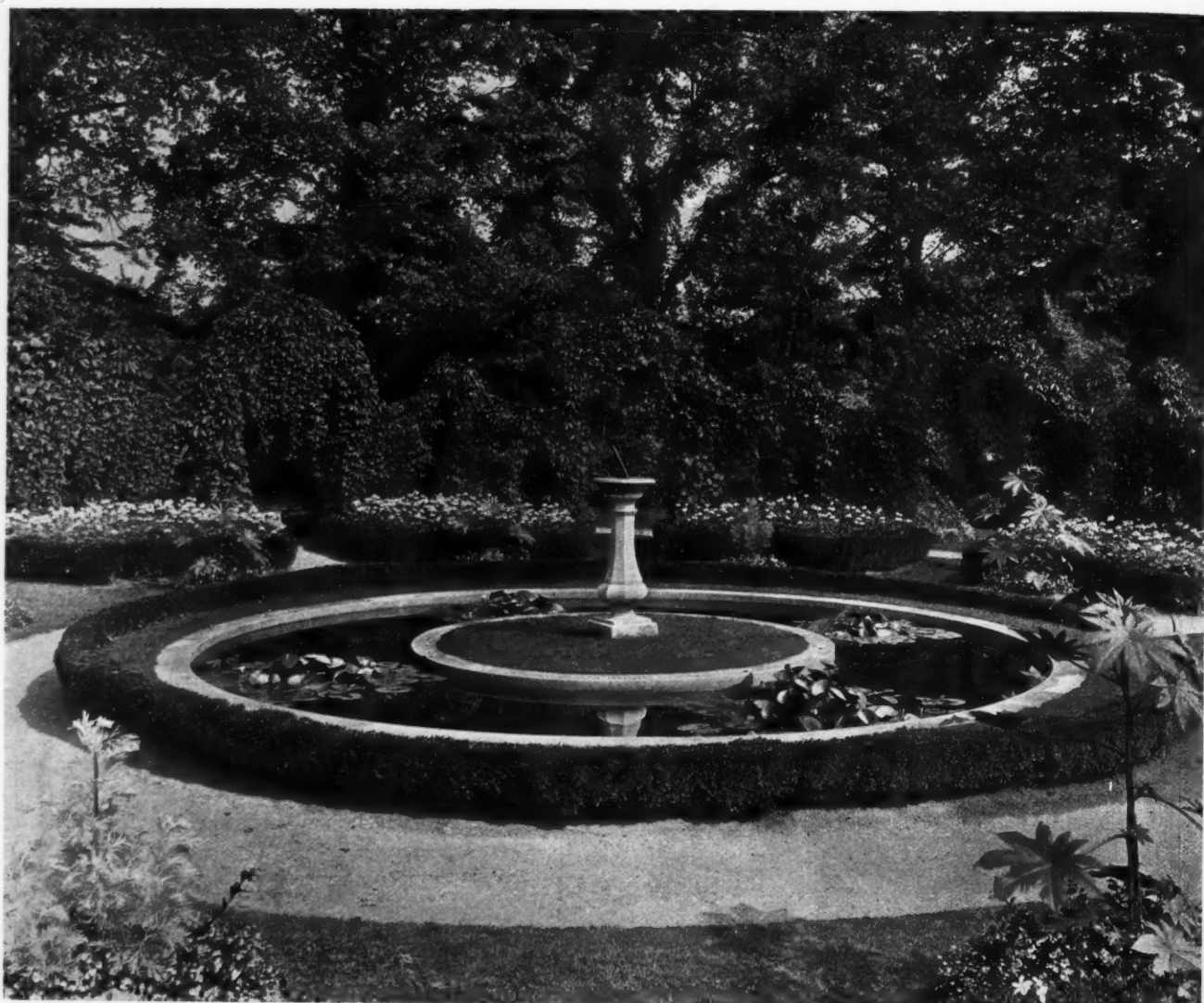




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world's flora. The gardens are terraced, the two houses being picturesquely placed, and much has been accomplished to make these terraces enjoyable by the free use of tub plants. We call this tub gardening. On one terrace, that belonging to the house acquired in recent years, many shrubs fill the tubs. We have long known the value of this delightful phase of terrace gardening, and rejoice in the

use of many fragrant things which our ancestors would have welcomed in the orangeries and forecourts. The shrubs are clothed with foliage to the tub itself, all in rude health, and from the perfumed leaves pours an odorous breath when one is fortunate enough to rub against the lemon verbena, the myrtle, or the Cape pelargoniums. The writer made a note of the kinds used, for those readers of COUNTRY LIFE who are interested

in a beautiful old-world use of things we treasure as shrubby wall coverings, or as decorations for the conservatory. Their names are: Sweet bay, orange, pomegranates, double scarlet and white, myrtle, lemon plant, or sweet-scented verbena (Aloysia), fuchsia, silvery euonymus, veronicas, and Cape pelargoniums. It is interesting to know that the myrtles and aloysias were propagated here. Mr. Hudson, one of the chief gardeners at Gunnersbury, says the plants are from ten to eleven years old, he having propagated the myrtles from layers to save time, and the aloysias from cuttings. The myrtles were layered into jin. pots from an old bush during the summer of 1889, each layer when rooted making a compact shrub with five or six shoots. They are now generally over 6ft. in height, some reaching even to 7ft., with a diameter of about 5ft., and, through proper regulation of the growth, with little tying, they are almost self-supporting. When young, the shrubs were potted annually,



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THE LILY LAKE IN SPRING-TIME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



then every other year, until tubs were adopted. They were in 1898 placed in their present square tubs, from a pattern furnished by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. These tubs, and all others of the same shape, are made of pitch pine as a framework, with slate interiors, so that only slate comes into contact with the roots. Upon the terrace of the old residence in Gunnersbury Park scarlet geraniums were used with brilliant effect, splashes of colour from the fine plants in pots, and we have a warm regard for veterans so smothered with vivid blossom.

It is not our intention to write a gardening article, but the collection of plants at Gunnersbury is so rare and interesting that to merely describe general features is difficult. Mixed borders of hardy flowers fill the drive with colour in the time of the starworts, the dahlias, the rudbeckias, and perennial helianthus, that girdle the month with colours as sumptuous as those of the phloxes of summer.

September is the month for warm colouring in the garden. In the formal garden, when August had flown, and the "bedders" had grown rank and ugly, gardening for the year was over. No tea roses scented the warm winds, the starworts were forgotten, and the helianthus neglected, until with a better knowledge of hardy plants, and the best ways to use them, came the desire to make autumn, with its cool misty days, a season of



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THE BEND OF THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

warm rich colouring, so easy to accomplish with the many flowers of sumptuous hue introduced from abroad or raised in nurseries.

Gunnersbury is happy in possessing a quiet sheltered lake. It lies towards the bottom of the garden, a leafy, restful place, where the sedge and the bulrush kiss the water's edge and look across the luxuriant nymphæa groups on the surface. Much has been



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THE LILY POND.

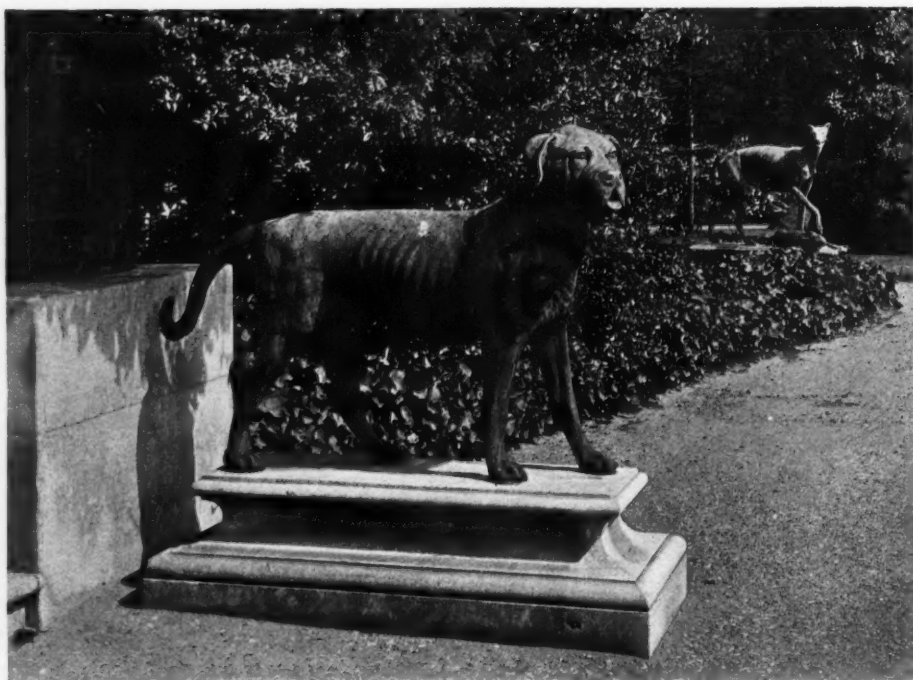
"COUNTRY LIFE."

written here of the hybrid water-lilies, which in this suitable home spread into big masses, teaching, too, the lesson that in a suburb of London, and in a lake of quite moderate size, this family, the wonder of recent years, may be grown without difficulty. All the rarest hybrids are there, and those which happily are within the reach of amateur gardeners with moderate means. We looked across the lake on that September day, and the lilies were still expanding. At midday the flowers were wide open, each colony a little flower garden of white, red, sulphur, and tints of delicate rose.

The growth of hybrid water-lilies is, of course, a modern development in outdoor gardening. The finer kinds are of quite recent acquisition, and we have now to welcome the blue flower raised lately by M. Latour-Marliac, a nymphæa of beautiful colouring, hardy, we believe, and a gem as rich as sapphire. Nymphæas may be grown in tubs, and the little pigmy, *N. pygmæa Helveola*, is quite pretty at Gunnersbury in this form, which anyone with quite a small garden could imitate; but the most beautiful nymphæa away from the lake is the exotic,

*N. stellata*. A tank is devoted to it near one of the greenhouses, and the water is warmed to bring it to the required temperature by a return pipe from the boiler of the plant structure. During the summer months the lily throws up flowers of exquisite blue upon tall stems. They open out quite star-like in form, hence the name, and the Berlin variety and the deeper blue form, *pulcherrima*, fill this tank with flowers from quite early summer until the autumn. Many gatherings are made for table adornment;

in truth, *N. stellata* and its varieties should be grown for their beautiful colouring and usefulness as table flowers. The tank is only about 8ft. long and some 5ft. in width. The whole business is quite simple and inexpensive. During winter a



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BRONZES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A LEAD STATUE.

"C.L."



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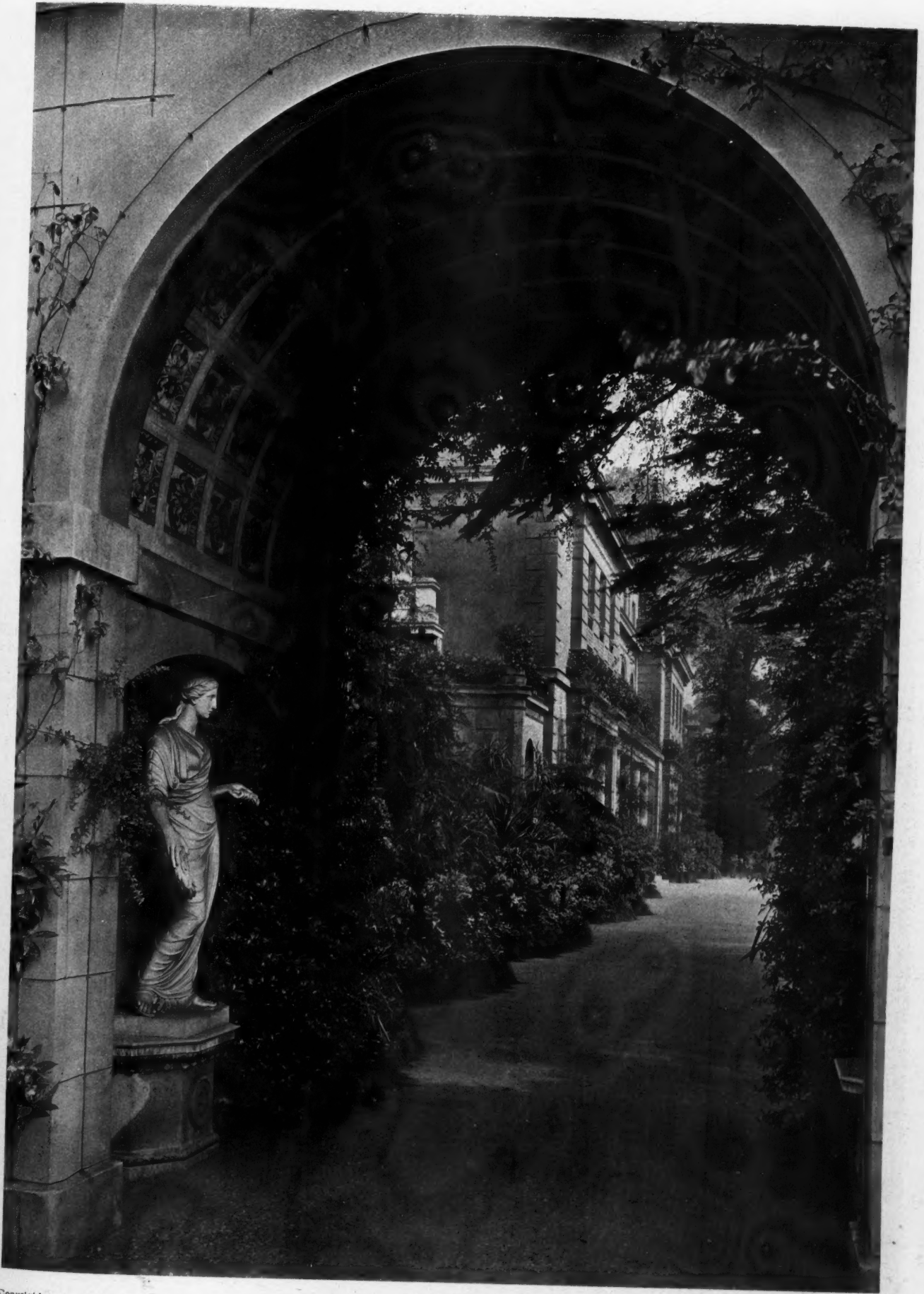
THE FOUNTAIN WALK.

"C.L."

spare frame is put over the tank, as *N. stellata*, of course, is a tender kind.

Near the lake there is a bamboo garden, no less than thirty species and varieties forming a grateful retreat, cool, leafy, and refreshing. It is only of late years that we have realised the full value and beauty of this family, their hardiness and vigour. Some kinds are more hardy than others. *Phyllostachys nigra* is one of the hardest and most elegant here, having withstood





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THE TERRACE FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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*THE BASKET FLOWERS.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

without injury 24deg. of frost. The growths are over 10ft. in height, rustling stems of exquisite grace and tender green. By the water's edge is one of the most noble specimens of *Bambusa Metake* we have seen, this species having long formed a leafy mass in many an English garden. But, of course, bamboos are too important to consider in a mere description of Gunnersbury.

Their beauty, hardiness, and distinctness have given to many an English pleasure ground a new and delightful charm, and in places near to smoky towns they appear as happy as in sweeter climates. Shelter from the east and north-east winds of spring is one of the most important points to be considered in their culture, as also to wait until April before planting. Forming



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*THE ORANGERY.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."



the foundation of the garden is interesting winter work.

It may be interesting to mention that in the grounds is a famous wine-cellar, now devoted to mushroom culture; the beds are in the arched recesses, and have a surface of about 100ft. They remind one of the mushroom caves in Edinburgh and Paris.

Gunnersbury, we repeat, is a delightful refuge from the turmoil of the metropolis. Here Mr. Leopold de Rothschild in particular seeks repose amidst those grassy glades and flower masses we have attempted to describe, and we know that Mr. de Rothschild possesses a keen knowledge of the beautiful flowers about him, whether in the lake or in the borders. We feel this in walking over the extensive domains, because a garden reflects in a degree the mind of its possessor.

Of the noble trees in Gunnersbury Park, of the splendid fruit culture shown by the two chief gardeners, of the indoor flowers, the orchids, palms, and other attributes that compose a well-kept English garden, we have not written. We are satisfied with the beauty of the water-lilies, the bamboos, and the hardy flower gardening of the pleasure grounds.

## BOOKS OF . . . THE DAY.

**N**OT long ago a clever man and an elegant scholar called my attention to some beautiful lines on the subject of Pleasure which he had culled from a mere newspaper. The poet summarises his experience; he has tried all sorts of enjoyments.

"And love it was the best of them,  
But sleep worth all the rest of them."

To read "The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay," by Maurice Hewlett (Macmillan), is to realise the undying truth of the first line in the couplet. The book is, in effect, a troubadour song concerned mainly with the life and the love of Richard Cœur de Lion, in many ways one of the most romantic, if not in all ways the most estimable, of the characters which loom large in English history. It is a wonderful piece of work, instinct with the troubadour spirit, so written indeed that, reading, one seems to hear and almost to breathe the panting breath of passion, to hear the clash of arms, to look upon the smoke of burning towns, to see the good red blood flow. It shows us, as in a mirror, the days when men were men indeed, implacable in war, impetuous in love, chivalrous, religious, cruel sometimes, poets and minstrels sometimes, and all at the same time. It was a strange age and a strong, and we shall not look upon its like again; and in all that age of the world there was no character so complex or so interesting as that of Richard. But let there be one word of warning. The book is not one for young women, for there is strong meat in it. Never, for a moment, is it coarsely cooked, never is it served up with that affectation of euphemism which is infinitely worse than coarseness. The craftsmanship of the writer is delicate and highly finished, but it is plain also, and the episodes are strong.

Is it history, this gallant story of Richard the Leopard, offspring not of the Lioness and the Pard, but of the Lion and the Bitch-wolf, having a bright soul and a dark soul, slowness and strength, the mingled nature of cat and dog? Did this man of two natures, "the hymned and reviled, the loved and loathed, spendthrift and a miser, king and a beggar, the bond and the free, god and man," live on this earth as he lives in these glowing pages? Did Jehane of the Fair Girdle, with her eyes of "wet grey, but ringed with black and shot with yellow, giving so the effect of hot green," exist in the romantic past? Were her lips of "an extraordinary dark red colour, very firm in texture, close-grained, 'like the darker sort of strawberries'?" Was she erect and slim



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THE LAKE AT GUNNERSBURY HOUSE.

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GUNNERSBURY HOUSE.

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as a birch tree, but full-bosomed, with a manner of sullen beauty save for the one hero for whom she was sweetly apt? Did she give herself body and soul to her hero and glory in it? Did she sacrifice herself, as the book tells us, and glory in the sacrifice? I who write am no historian, know not, care not. The essential thing is that for those who read, Jehane and Richard, and many others too, but principally Jehane and Richard, are splendid flesh and blood. Far be it from me to tell the story, indeed it may be that it is not altogether easy to unravel, a rush of scene upon scene. Rather be it indicated that there are passages, and many of them, in reading which a man holds his breath involuntarily—as when a grand scene is perfectly enacted on the stage—when he forgoes all about the nineteenth century and Mr. Hewlett, when he remembers only Richard and Jehane. Such a scene, emphatically one of the finest pieces of writing that I ever came across, is that in which Richard carries off Jehane, already his by right of possession, from the altar of St. Sulpice, when she is on the point of marriage to Gurdun the Norman:

"What remained to be done was done with extreme swiftness. Richard alone, craning his head forward, stooping a little, swaying his scabbarded sword in his hand, went with long soft strides into the church.

"At the entry he kneeled on one knee, and looked about him from under his brows. Three or four masses were proceeding; out of the semi-darkness shone the little twinkling lights, and illuminated faintly the kneeling people, a priest's vestment, a silver chalice. But here was neither marriage nor Jehane. He got up presently, and padded down the nave, kneeling to every altar as he went. Many an eye followed him as he pushed on and past the curtain of the ambulatory. They guessed him for the wedding, and so (God knows) he was. In the shadow of a great pillar he stopped short, and again went down on his knee; from here he could see the business in train.

"He saw Jehane at prayer, in green and white, kneeling at her faldstool like a painted lady on an altar tomb; he just saw the pure curve of her cheek, the coiled masses of her hair, which seemed to burn it. All the world with the lords thereof was at his feet, but this treasure which he had held and put away was denied him. By his own act she was denied. He had said Yea, when Nay had been the voice of heart and head, of honour and love and reason at once;

and now (close up against her) he knew that he was to forlorn his own grant. He knew it, I say; but until he saw her there he had not clearly known it. Go on, I will show you the depths of the man for good or bad. Not lust of flesh, but of dominion, ravened in him. This woman, this Jehane Saint-Pol, this hot-haired slip of a girl, was his. The leopard had laid his paw upon her shoulder, the mark was still there; he could not suffer any other beast of the forest to touch that which he had printed with his own mark, for himself.

"Two-form is the leopard; two-natured was Richard of Anjou, dog and cat. Now here was all cat. Not the wolf's lust, but the lion's jealous rage spurred him to the act. He could see this beautiful thing of flesh without any longing to lick or tear; he could have seen the frail soul of it, but half-horn, sink back into the earth out of sight; he could have killed Jehane or made her as his mother to him. But he could not see one other get that which was his. His by all heaven she was. When Gurdun squared himself and puffed his cheeks, and stood up; when Jehane, touched by Saint-Pol on the shoulder, shivered and left staring, and stood up in turn, swaying a little, and held out her thin hand; when the priest had the ring on his book, and the two hands, the red and the white, trembled to the touch—Richard rose from his knee and stole forward with his long, soft, crouching stride.

"So softly he trod that the priest, old and bleary-eyed as he was, saw him first; the others had heard nothing. With Jehane's hand in his own, the priest stopped and blinked. Who was this prowler, about when all else were on their knees? His jaw dropped; you saw that he was toothless. Inarticulate sounds, crackling and dry, came from his throat. Richard had stopped too, tense, quivering for a spring. The priest gave a prodigious sniff, turned to his book, looked up again; the crouching man was still there—but imminent. 'Wine of Jesus!' said the priest, and dropped Jehane's hand. Then she turned. She gave a short cry; the whole assembly started and huddled together as the mailed man made his spring.

"It was done in a flash. From his crouched attitude he went, as it seemed, at one bound. That same shock drove Gilles de Gurdun back among his people, and the same found Jehane caged in a hoop of steel. So he affronting and she caught up stood together, for a moment. With one mailed hand he held her fast under the armpit, with the other he held a fidgity sword. His head was thrown back; through glimmering eyelids he watched them—as one who says, What next?—breathing short through his nose. It was the attitude of the snatching lion, sudden, arrogant, shockingly swift; a gross deed, done in a flash which was its wonderful beauty. While the company was panting at the shock—for barely a minute—he stood thus; and Jehane, quiet under so fierce a hold, leaned not upon him, but stood on her own feet fairly, her

calm brows upon a level with his chin. Shameful if it was, at that moment of rude conquest she had no shame, and he no thought of shame."

Very grand, too, is the passage describing Richard's feelings when he is in the prison tower and Jehane is below:

"The turning thought of Jehane cut off, sixty feet below him, yet far as she could ever be, swept across Richard's mind like a roaring wind, and ridded the room for wilder guests. In came stalking Might-have-been and No-more, holding each by a shrinking shoulder the delicate maid of his first delight, Jehane, lissom in a thin gown; Jehane like a bud, with her long hair afloat. Her hair was loose, her face aflame; she was very young, very much to be kissed, fresh and tall—Oh, God, the mere loveliness of her! In came the scent of wet stubbles, the fresh salt air of Normandy, the pale gold of the shaws, the pale sky, the mild October sun. He felt again the stoop, again the lift of her to his horse, again the stern ride together; saw again the Dark Tower, and all the love and sweet pleasure that they made. The bride in the church turning her proud shy head, the bride in his arm, clinging as they flew, the bride in the tower, the crowned Countess, the nestling mate—oh, impossibly lost! Inconceivably put away! Eternally his lover and bride!

"Pity, if you can, this lonely heart, this king in chains, this hot Angevin, son of Henry, son of Geoffrey, son of Fulke, this Yea-and-Nay. He who dared not look upon the city, lest, seeing, he should risk all to take it, had now looked upon the bride unaware, and could not touch her. The fragrance of her, the sacred air in which a loved woman moves, had floated up to him: his by all the laws of hell, in spite of heaven; but his no more. Such nearness and such deprivation—to see, to desire, and not to seize—flung his wits abroad; from that hour his was a lost soul. Hungry, empty-eyed, ranging, feverish, he lashed up and down his prison-room, with bare teeth gleaming, and desperate soft strides. No thought he had but mere despair, no hope but the mere ravin of a beast. He was across the room in four; he turned, he lunged back; at the wall he threw up his head, turned and lunged, turned and lunged again. He was always at it, or rocking on his bed. No hope, nor thought, nor reckoning had he, but to say Yea against God, Who said him Nay.

"So, many times, had he stood, fatal enemy of himself. His Yea would hold fast while none accepted it, his Nay while no one obeyed. But the supple

knees of men sickened him of his own decree. 'These fools accept my bidding: the bidding then is foolishness.' So when Fate, so when God, underwrote his bill, *Le Roy le veult*, he scorned himself and the bill, and risked wide heaven to make either naught."

Finest of all, perhaps, is the death scene, wherein all the women who have been a part of Richard's life are present, Aloys, the poor wretch, betrayed of John, that "sick villain," and Berengère, the miserable, and Jehane, "eager and flushed she was with dawn-colour in her face; . . . exalted with grief, . . . dilating and glowing, looking not back on her spent life, but on to the glory of the dying." But I must not linger

over it. Let me be content to add that this is a real book, grand, noble, and strong.

Few novelists have had a longer innings than Miss Florence Montgomery, who will be known to all times as the woman who, when she was but twenty-two years of age, touched the heart of England with "Misunderstood," in 1869. Of her following books, which are many in number, none has achieved nearly so great a success, but the latest born of them, "Prejudged" (Macmillan), is of a distinctly touching quality. The story is pretty and simple. It might almost be divided into scenes. Proud Blanche Talbot meets a very entertaining, limping man with blue spectacles, at a watering-place; is cold to him; sees him occasionally without his glasses; sketches his portrait secretly; confides to her friend Lady Mary her suspicion that his illness is due to excess, and is overheard. The stranger departs. Rupert Talbot, Blanche's brother, appears. Then gradually it comes out that the stranger is Lancelot Sackville, and that his infirmities are due to a shooting accident of which Rupert Talbot was the cause; and in due time Lancelot and Blanche are married. No story could well be simpler; but there is an art in the telling of the story, and Miss Montgomery has that art in perfection, or at any rate in some perfection, and she makes her men and women very lovable. Sackville especially, with his courageous resignation, his pretty wit, and his love of children, appeals to one's liking, and Blanche is a very true woman. Side characters are the Fitzcarricks, an impoverished Irish landlord and his children, and they are painted with a good deal of quiet humour.

Some writer or another, in a preliminary notice of "The Way Out," by G. B. Burgin (John Long), has said that those who can read other books by Mr. Burgin may be able to read this one, or words to that effect. I have to confess with shame that by its wit and its pathos—it is a curious medley of the two—it has amused and touched me not a little. The Deacon, his mad wife, their daughter Delia, English Bill, in degeneracy and regency, and young Lajeunesse, are all living characters. In fact, "The Way Out" may not satisfy severe taste, but it is distinctly pleasant to read. The scenes are California and Canada.



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BLUE WATER-LILIES AT GUNNERSBURY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



## AT THE THEATRE

IT is not only the "Hooligans" in the gallery on a first night who seem incapable of granting an author his point of view—yet how impossible is it to do justice to his work unless one is able to understand the spirit in which that work was written? The printed

criticisms of Mr. Louis N. Parker—most graceful and delicate of dramatists—prove that there are some among us who approach their task of guiding the public without the slightest appreciation of this viewpoint. They have censured Mr. Parker for having failed to write a successful romantic play, because "The Swashbuckler" at the Duke of York's Theatre is slight, unheroic, purely humorous. This would have been quite a right and proper judgment had Mr. Parker essayed to write a dramatic play of storm and stress, of intensity and serious purpose. But he set out to do nothing of the kind. That he did not label his play "a mediæval farcical comedy" should not have prevented every expert discovering for himself that this was his object, that this was the *métier* of his play, that it was upon his success or failure along these lines that he should be judged.

"The Swashbuckler" is undoubtedly a mediæval farcical comedy, and very excellent it is—full of humour, fun of boisterous and a subtler kind, unheroic by intention, slight and unambitious in the very nature of its aim. That it also possesses moments of delicate fancy and imagination, strains of sentiment, does not prevent its being a farcical comedy, does not obscure its generic place, but simply shows that Mr. L. N. Parker was wishful to beautify even farce by glimpses of real romance and prettiness.

The sort of banal remark heard in the lobby on the first night was to the effect that "I prefer Shakespeare"—simply because there was a girl masquerading as a boy in the Forest of Arden. Fancy fencing off a forest because Shakespeare wrote "As You Like It."

The new play at the Duke of York's Theatre is a delightful evening's entertainment, full of fun and fancy, humour and variety. Surely a farcical comedy in costume, however unusual it is, is perfectly justifiable, and very much preferable to farcical comedy from the Palais Royal, which is amusing enough generally, but nearly always indelicate and suggestive. There are several faults in "The Swashbuckler," but they are only faults of detail, and hardly detract from the cleverness of the play, and nothing from its claims to success. They did not prevent the vast audience present at the *première* recognising its charm and its many admirable qualities, nor did the hisses of a few malcontents drown the cheers of the majority.

The mock-heroics of "The Swashbuckler" are in unimpeachable taste. The fun extracted from old German castles and their impecunious owners can offend none. The story, which treats humorously of the flights, the intrigues, the sieges, the abductions, and the rescues of "romantic drama," is thoroughly harmless.

Set among them is the pretty love story of the hero and heroine. They are both claimants to a distant estate; by the terms of the will of the late owner whichever arrives first shall be the heir. Pretending to his three comical men-at-arms that he is trying to frustrate the lady arriving first, he helps her on in every way in his power. The many adventures dependent upon this scheme would be ruined by narration in cold type. They are full of whimsical humour. There is humour in the incident and humour in the language. There are also love scenes of pure and delicate sweetness.

Mr. Waring plays the character of the swashbuckler with a splendid attack, a masterly assumption of the swagger and dash requisite to the part. Miss Evelyn Millard is a very pretty and engaging heroine, though she does not apparently feel the innate

fun of everything which is going on. Mr. Shelton and several of the other characters, but not all of them, are excellently played. The piece is mounted brightly and picturesquely. It deserves to be a great success.



ANY play in which appear Mr. and Mrs. Kendal has interest; a play by Mrs. Clifford, the novelist, has additional interest; a play around which there has been a controversy, wherein its author has accused by innuendo Mr. Sydney Grundy, one of our leading dramatists, of plagiarism—in *re* "A Debt of Honour"—has an unusual interest quite independent of its own faults and virtues. Many thousands of people not usually frequenters of the suburban and provincial theatres will, for all these reasons, go forth to see "The Likeness of the Night" when it arrives in their locality. Its first representation in London has just taken place at the Grand Theatre at Fulham.

Let the potential patrons of this play and these players be forewarned—it is gloomy almost without cessation. That is one of its faults, speaking practically. Another of its faults is that there is an astonishing amount of crudity in it for a drama of such a modern tendency; nowadays, for a play of psychical interest to depend for the explanation of its motives on long soliloquies is positively reactionary. The greatest of its faults—speaking more practically than ever—is that we are getting tired to death of these plays *à trois*, these studies of two women and a man; these dramas of a man whose infidelities are excused by specious pretexts of incompatibility of temperament; these stories concerning the legal and sacramental wife, and the "wife" by "natural selection," by "predestination," by "magnetic attraction"—in other words, despite the gloss of the dramatist, the mistress.

The virtues of "The Likeness of the Night" are its sincerity, its pathos; more than all, the opportunities it gives for the display of the superb art of Mrs. Kendal, for the expression of matronly grief and anguish, in which she stands not only unequalled, but positively alone. The effect of the heartrending misery of the neglected woman whose love, the signs of which have been restrained by shyness and primness, has burned through all the years of marriage with the fire of a hidden volcano—the effect of her unutterable despair when she is leaving him, as she knows, for ever, was so overpoweringly real, so primarily simple, that it went home unerringly to every man and woman in that suburban audience, as it would undoubtedly go home to the most *blasé* gathering in the centre of London.

There is hardly any need even to adumbrate the story. The husband, the wife, the other woman. A marriage, on his part, for convenience, on hers for deep and passionate love. The insidious estrangement of natures opposite as the poles—the man buoyant, joyous; the woman, self-conscious, narrow. The other woman, his predestined "mate," bonnie, adoring, responsive to his moods. Two households, the discovery, the suicide of the wife. The remorse of the man and the other woman, now conventionally married, when they discover that intention and not accident accounted for the death of the broken-hearted wife; a promise of life-long repentance and penance. How often have we heard all this before! Yet to Mrs. Clifford's credit be it said, so sincere and earnest is her treatment of this threadbare theme, that now and again we were carried away by it and forgot its triteness. Only now and again, however.

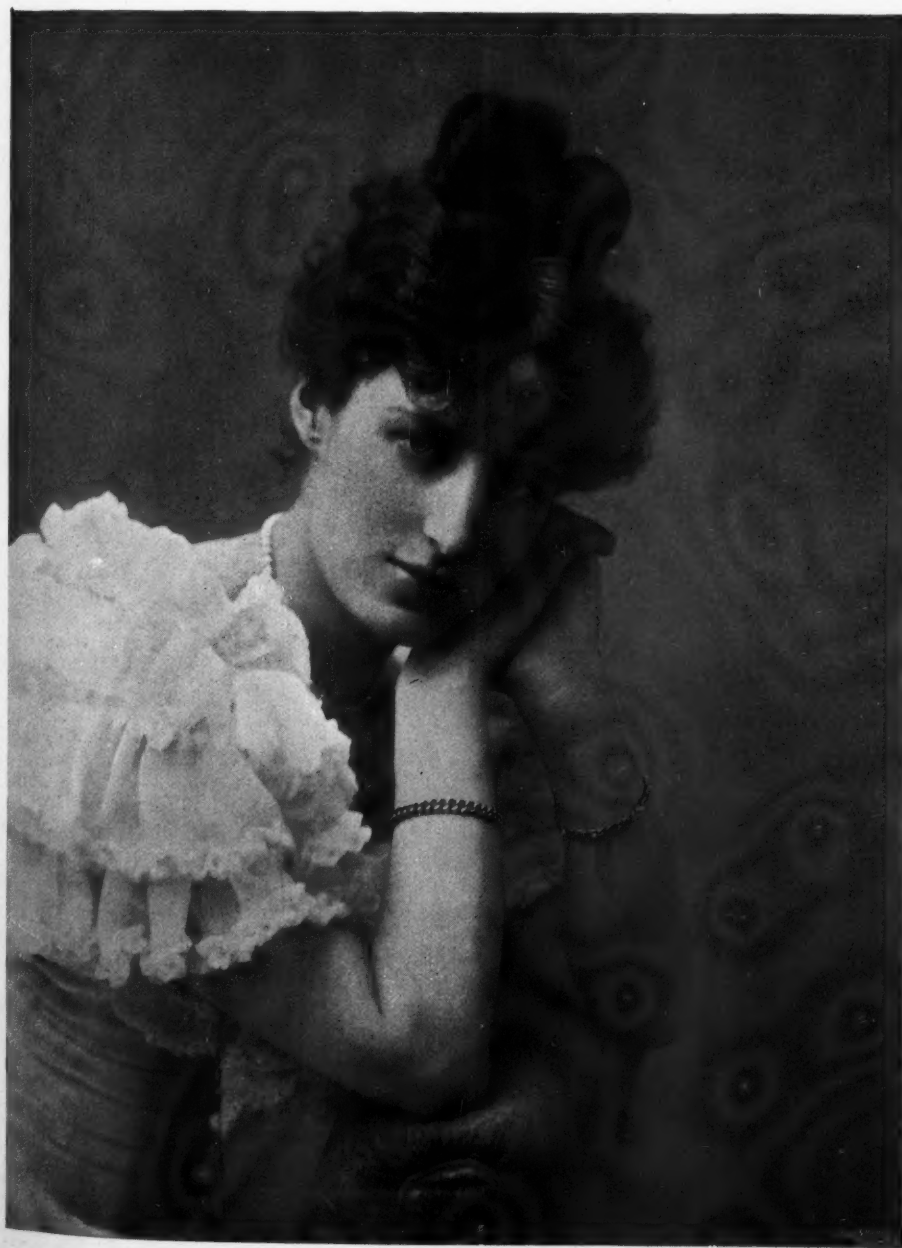
It never strikes these authors of either sex that the man who did not marry the other woman because they were both poor, but "falls" afterwards when he is rich—mostly owing to his wife's money—is a vulgar creature and very commonplace; that it would be much more difficult, and therefore triumphant, to make a play interesting which showed us, not the fall of a man and a woman so placed, but their struggle to do right, and their victory over passion. And the one outcome—in spite of all



the cynics may say—is just as typical, and therefore as worthy of artistic portrayal as the other. Any ordinary man can live two such lives as these if he has money enough. There is nothing particularly interesting in him. But there would be interest, psychological power—novelty more than all, in placing before us the fighter against circumstances. It is the merest cant to pretend that a great moral lesson is taught, simply because the sinners eventually promise each other to “expiate” their offence. Art shows itself out of touch with the spirit of the age when it has no more hopeful moral to point than that of a facile bending to temptation. The dramatists who show us these things do not draw from Nature but from a long series of conventional stage types. The decadent and neurotic exceptions to the rule of national virility and sane-minded men and women are not Nature—seen whole, therefore, they are not Art; worse than all, they are no longer interesting.

“The Likeness of the Night” is very admirably acted. Mrs. Kendal’s performance of the character of the wife is so passing fine that for it alone the play should be seen. Mr. Kendal’s playing as the husband is natural and human. Miss Madge McIntosh, a very clever actress, suffers from the crudity of the author in making the contrast of her liveliness and vivacity to the sedateness and restraint of the wife so very insistent and forced. Smaller parts are very brightly and naturally acted by Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Frank Fenton, Miss Amy Betteley, Miss Nellie Campbell, and Miss Hilda Rivers.

THE German Theatre in London has just performed at the Comedy “Madame Bonivard,” a German adaptation of M. Bisson’s French farce. The company interpreted it very spiritedly, but without that electric touch French and English actors give to farce. It seems a very inartistic thing for a society which has its reason of existence in the performance of German plays in England to produce a mere adaptation of a typical Parisian farce.



J. Carroll-Smith,

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

“The Second in Command” is the selected title for Captain Marshall’s new comedy, shortly to be produced at the Haymarket Theatre. The name-part is that of Major Christopher Bingham, which will be played by Mr. Cyril Maude.

Mr. Frank Curzon, the manager of the Prince of Wales’s and Globe Theatres, will shortly be in the happy position of having “cornered” the Nell Gwyn plays, for the version produced by Miss Julia Neilson will soon return to town and will be seen at the Globe, while Miss Marie Tempest will continue to appear in “English Nell” at the Prince of Wales’s. PHEBUS.

## LITERARY NOTES.

LORD ROSEBERY’S address on Saturday to the Scottish History Society was marked by quips, not very striking in character, by an elegant passage of genuine and sympathetic eloquence, and by a useful suggestion in the practical vein. The division of looks into those readable, those partly readable, and those wholly unreadable, roused Scottish laughter, but does not impress me with its originality or its wit. The gentle protest against the all-pervading advertisements of “The Encyclopædia Britannica” (which degrade a really great work to the level of soiled millinery at a summer sale) will be welcomed generally; but the subject was hardly worthy of the occasion. Lord Rosebery was on more dignified ground when he spoke of his life-long friend the late Lord Bute, and one passage was superb in its epithets. “Even as it is he has left behind him a rectorial address to the University of St. Andrews, which contains, I think, one of the strangest, most pathetic, most striking passages of eloquence with which I am acquainted in any modern deliverance.”

Then came the practical suggestion. Lord Rosebery had pronounced a brief funeral oration on others than Lord Bute, he had before him a list of the volumes published by the society for the year, and of those which were to follow. It was natural to suppose that the publications of the society would be complete, up to date, in the libraries of the deceased members, but the sets would now terminate abruptly unless the successors of the deceased members happened to be members of the society. “I do not know if it would be practical, but I try and put myself in the position of one who has inherited a set of our valuable series, and picture his discontent on finding it many years before he can become a member to continue it on his own account.” He then suggests

that a preference in election might be given to the sons and heirs of original members; an admirable suggestion, it seems to me, where membership of a society is, as apparently is the case here, strictly limited. A very pretty concept is this; the library of a great house should, like the estate itself, have a continuous existence quite apart from the mere individuals who happen to own it from time to time, should be the systematic growth of the ages, should have claims to be considered quite apart from its ownership, claims based upon the sanctity of literature itself.

Moreover, these publications of the Scottish History Society, now in its fourteenth year, seem from their titles to be a rare mine for the historians and writers of romance. The set for the present year contains papers on the Scots Brigade in the Netherlands, the Journal of Sir John Lauder, Papal negotiations with Mary Queen of Scots. Imagine how Sir Walter Scott or Stevenson would have revelled in them, how they would have made the dry bones live for our endless delight.

The mention of Stevenson reminds me of an accusation made, perhaps in careless use of language, but still quite clearly, by “S. G.” in the *Pall Mall Gazette* against Mr. I. Zangwill in relation to “The Mantle of Elijah,” of which a full review, already written, will appear next week. (S. G., by the way, are the initials of the writer who amused the world a little time since by describing the creator of Lady Catherine and Mr. Collins as the gentle Jane, whereas in fact she was and is the keenest of our satirists.) The passage is an illustration of the kind of idolatry of Stevenson which is, in my judgment, calculated to do Stevenson more harm than good, not that either matters to him now. Mr. Zangwill, it is said plainly, has borrowed a suggestion, he has annexed a trait, “with the wise economy of a professional he expands Stevenson’s sentence into a full page.” Allegra, at the opening of Mr. Zangwill’s book, ceases to write her poem upon Fame in compassion to the moths which flutter into her candle. “S. G.” quotes a passage from “*Voces Fidelium*” and one from Mr. Zangwill. Here they are:

Stevenson.—“The weather was then so warm that I must keep the windows open; the night without was populous with moths. As the late darkness deepened, my literary tapers beamed forth more brilliantly; thicker and thicker came the dusty night-fliers, to gyrate for one brilliant instant round the flame and fall in agonies upon my paper.”

Zangwill.—“Insect after insect plumped on her paper, scooped into a hobbling creature, disfranchised of the æther. Some she aided as best she could; others, wriggling in fragmentary life—fricassees of nerves they seemed to her tortured fancy—she stamped out of their agony, though she had to clench her teeth and there was sickness at her heart.”

Personally, I am not an ardent admirer of either passage, and I think that the second is a trifle maudlin.

But let a tribute of gratitude be paid to "S. G." also, for he provides me with an amusing topic in the following paragraph:

"Mr. Cyril Davenport, in the last number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, furnishes some hints as to the care of the sumptuous volumes for whose outsides he is responsible, and of costly bindings in general. They should be kept in a shelf packed tight but not too tight, in an air moist but not too moist, dry but not too dry, and finally (to have done with counsels of perfection) a thin coat of furniture varnish should be applied to the covers every year or so, and carefully wiped off. Leather perishes of inanition if left to itself, and the varnish contains enough wax to feed it."

This reminds me that, in my character of an ardent, ignorant, and not-too-proud-to-learn gardener, I was to my great pride consulted when that capital "Century Book of Gardening" was being planned. My advice, which was in the nature of a plea, was that the directions given might not be beyond my comprehension. I protested against books and journals of horticulture which exhorted me to prune severely but not too severely, to water abundantly but not too much. Save as to the varnish, Mr. Cyril Davenport's advice leaves the book-lover precisely where he was in point of knowledge which is of any practical value; that is to say at the beginning.

Perhaps the two most interesting pieces of literary news are such principally because they are dramatic. Mr. John Davidson's new play, "Self's the Man," a tragedy of Lombard Days, originally commissioned by Mr. Tree, and finished in September, 1899, will not be published till March, 1901. Mr. Tree, who has deserved well of the world by his production of "Herod," deserves infinite credit for his systematic encouragement of literary drama. On the day of the issue of this number of *COUNTRY LIFE*, albeit it bears a later date, will appear Mrs. Craigie's "The Wisdom of the Wise" at the St. James's Theatre. Next day Mrs. Craigie, much to be envied, starts for Egypt. Let us hope it will be with well-merited applause ringing in her ears.

Surely Mr. Stopford Brooke runs to excess in his jeremiad over the extravagance of latter-day criticism and appreciation when he writes: "I cannot tell how often I have lately seen in the papers and in books that a poet, if not superior, then equal to Shakespeare, has appeared on the stage." This is hyperbole. Many of us say absurd things about books, but the good classic question, "Whaur's Wullie Shakespeare noo?" has killed the particular form of fulsome adulation against which the superior critic inveighs in a sentence correct, but involved.

My first Christmas present, a consignment of the Blotting-pad Diaries produced by Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, in various sizes, for 1900, is very welcome. There is nothing to touch them in the market, and I may best explain their value by showing how I use them. The large-size one, with its tablets for standing memoranda, its diary with a calendar outside, and its date indicator and engagement slips on the left, its broad expanse of blotting-paper in the centre, and its detachable slips of white paper on the right, lies on my library table, unless, in a supine mood, I use it as a desk while I sit in an armchair. The smaller one serves a like function in my country cottage. Between them, so convenient are they and so thoughtfully contrived, they almost make an unmethodical man into a man of system. The smaller diary and writing-case combined is always annexed at sight by a person who shall be nameless. Two years of experience have convinced her that there is nothing so serviceable, neat, and complete.

I have seen nothing prettier in the way of illustration than "The Shakespeare Country Illustrated," with letterpress by that bright and cultivated writer Mr. John Leyland, which is the latest addition to the *COUNTRY LIFE* Library. It is destined to be the indispensable companion of the pilgrim to Shakespeare land, and a large number of the pictures are simply beautiful. Not only does it make very pleasant reading, but it is also full of accurate information. There could be no better Christmas present and, oddly enough, no more suitable "holiday task" for a schoolboy.

Books to order from the library:

- "The Hosts of the Lord." Flora Annie Steel. (Heinemann.)
- "Whilomville Stories." Stephen Crane. (Harper's.)
- "The Small Part Lady." G. R. Sims. (Chatto.)
- "The Story of my Captivity." Hofmeyr. (Arnold.)
- "Amusements of Old London." W. B. Boulton. (Nimmo.)
- "Sylvana's Letters." "E. V. B." (Macmillan.)

LOOKER-ON.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

**T**O country people the most interesting and important appointment in the newly-organised Cabinet is Mr. Hanbury, who succeeds Mr. Walter Long as Minister for Agriculture. He is a politician who has got forward by dogged hard work and perseverance. His friends expect him to make a mark in the new post, and he is certainly not one to fail for want of trying. No one can gainsay that he is likely to have a great opportunity of winning distinction. The industry is one that needs a strong helping hand towards its reorganisation. Moreover, foreign and colonial experience goes to show that Mr. Hanbury may exert himself with good hope of attaining some result. We have seen how the Canadian Government, the Danish Government, the French Government, and others have been able to benefit the farmers substantially, mostly by way of putting them in a better position for selling their produce in British markets. Surely as much as that is possible to an English Minister of Agriculture. There are certain people who seem to despair of English farmers ever again being able to sell their goods to their own countrymen, but we should be sorry to reckon ourselves among the number. Foreign food will continue to come for long enough probably, but home producers ought to be in a position to compete with it.

It may be objected, however, that to say as much in a general way is quite easy, what is difficult is to suggest the practical steps that can be taken. A few of these will occur to everyone who gives the matter a thought. The permanent Board for instance needs to be brought more into harmony with modern ideas. At present its officials are too largely engaged in the mere routine of recording figures; more in the way of stimulating action is required. Again, when we are authoritatively told that, despite all the money spent on travelling dairy schools and so forth, English butter is no better, common-sense would appear to make the inference inevitable that value has not been received for the money spent on that particular form of education. The need of co-operation again is generally admitted, and the Minister of Agriculture who helped to bring it about need deserve well of his country. In legislation Mr. Hanbury must take up the cue

dropped by Mr. Chaplin, whose efforts towards the creation of a new yeomanry class were properly conceived, although the carrying of them out was indifferent. The rural exodus again offers scope for the very highest gifts of statesmanship, and if Mr. Hanbury finds out how to check it he will immortalise his name.

To jump or not to jump, that is the question on which the orators of the Royal Agricultural Society will be asked to display their eloquence at the December meeting. It is a more important one than appears on the surface. The parties, who may be described as jumpers and anti-jumpers, represent two ideas, one that of the stately old school, who hold to the doctrine that the greatest agricultural show of the year ought not to descend to frivolous or catch-penny methods of attracting the public; the other is the very modern section, who contend that the spectator of to-day demands amusement even more than instruction, and that it is of no use fighting against the times. In other words, the exhibition ought to be made attractive, even though tradition be violated. We confess to a sympathy with this view. Horse jumping is always pleasant to watch, and is calculated to entertain many who would only be bored by watching a march past of prize-winners. The society cannot go on long losing as much as it has done in recent shows. It seems, therefore, to lie between producing a more popular entertainment or putting up the shutters altogether.

This is a season of the year in which happily the farmer lays his account for very bad weather, and he has not been disappointed, particularly in the North, where more rain has fallen than in the South. Over and over again during a recent tour we found the fields transformed into lakes. It was not a wheat country we were in, but autumn ploughing of every kind has been done in sludge and mire. Very wintry has the landscape become. A few weeks ago the trees were brilliant in their autumnal colours, but the rain and wind stripped them very quickly, and now, as Lord Tennyson has it, "The rotten woodland drips and the leaf is stamped in clay." Still, the season cannot be described as a bad one for live stock. Except for one or two days, the temperature has not been low. That and the abundant moisture have continued to keep the pastures moderately green. It has to be kept in mind, however, that should cold weather come, animals will feel it more on ground so saturated with water.

We are glad to see that the scheme of Mr. Wilson, M.P., is meeting with an initial success. His idea is to start a new peasant proprietary in Norfolk, and for that purpose he purchased some land at Scarning, near East Dereham, which he resold to the villagers at £30 an acre, practically the whole of it having gone into their hands. The system he followed appears to have been slightly akin to that followed at Winterslow by Major Poore. Norfolk is an exceedingly good country wherein to try the experiment. Formerly it seemed as though none but great farmers could succeed there, but about the time when the Royal Commission was sitting it was noticed that a demand was springing up for small holdings. Since then it has considerably increased, and at least one well-known landlord in the county has informed the present writer that his smaller tenants are all the more thriving. This is because most of the labour being done by the occupier's own family the labour bill is saved; but, all the same, it is a movement to be very heartily encouraged.



**I**T is some seasons since I can recollect coming home from hunting day after day wet through. But this is a minor ill, borne patiently for the sake of the good sport which it will certainly bring us. At the same time, the going has been very trying for horses. Even now the rain has hardly soaked in everywhere. The ground is hard underneath and greasy atop, making it very trying for doubtful sinews and also bad falling. In really soft weather we fall more and hurt ourselves less, but so far the accidents have been rather severe. There is no disguising the fact that Captain Burns-Hartopp's is a most serious mishap, and one that is likely to deprive for a long time the Quorn of a Master who is by common consent one of the best sportsmen we have had since Mr. Masters resigned.

The Belvoir were at Waltham on Wednesday week, a meet which should take them into their very best country. To gauge the exact quality of a run is difficult; so much depends on how and where the writer sees it. But no one will deny the excellence of the day's sport, and I should be inclined to say that it was the best we have had this season within reach of Melton. At all events, people seemed to have brought out their best horses, as, indeed, is necessary for this part of the Belvoir. After persuading animals of doubtful soundness or not at all doubtful tempers over a country, there is a great delight in riding a real Leicestershire horse. The friend who will lend such an one is certainly "far above rubies." Now mind, if you don't see whatever there is to be seen, it is your own fault. Generally when you are seated in the saddle on such a horse foxes refuse to run or are headed, or scent fails. But for once fortune was propitious. True, the first draw was blank, but Waltham covers held a fox. Not only so, but there was a scent, and as the rest of the field sat down to ride it was no small thing to feel for once able to take one's own line without fear or desire of favour. There was a great gathering in the fog, which hung damp and dense over the village of Waltham—that bold explorer Princess Demidoff, Lord Cowley, Mr. Hugh Owen, Lady Warwick, Mr. Paget, Lord Cholmondeley, the Rev. J. P. Seabrooke, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Laurence McCreery, and many others who are ever ready to go. There was a long wait, but when, nearly an hour after midday, the heavy curtain lifted, we could see hounds if we were near enough. The first fence was a fair-sized one to look at. A chill run through one. The horse isn't going to rise—he hasn't risen! No, but only because he has taken it in his stride. Do you know the feeling of a horse that seems not to rise, because he leaps with such power and smoothness? The covert in front is Freeby Wood, but forty-five acres, and with hounds close and running well the fox probably won't hang; so we gallop round in time to see the prettiest sight in the world—hounds coming out of covert in full cry, the uproarious music of the wood sinking to a subdued chanting in a



minor key as they stretch away, stringing out the least bit, for some hounds are bound to be delayed in the undergrowth. Hounds are now running, but—blessed thought!—there need be no care about gates or gaps, the fences may be taken as they come, in and out of the Melton road as the pack swings to the right, and now there is room to draw up to them, but well wide, and knowing that the horse only wants not to be interfered with. Watch the best pack in the world, as with heads down and sterns up, they stride with the easy manner of a Belvoir-bred hound, making the most of a scent which serves but is not burning. They are turning to the left, and the brook is before us, generally a ford or a bridge or a bath, but now it needs only to sit back and see the horse prick his ears and feel the muscles of his loins and his back under you as he flies it with a bit to spare; no slovenly foot drops on the bank. It is impossible not to turn in the saddle, with an unconscious reminiscence of one of Alkin's pictures, to see what becomes of the others. The railway is a different matter; its equal rails reduce princess and farmers and inklingers all to the same gateway. When things are straightened out, the fox is lost. Were there a medal for saving the lives of foxes, it would surely be unanimously presented to the railway companies. There was more to come, but by this time the mount was different. Nevertheless it was an enjoyable spin, and part of it very fast. There were gates, and galloping is the strong point of my last purchase. This fox went to ground near where the first was lost.

Friday with the Quorn at Barsby—a district over which the hunt has been riding a good deal this year—was naturally saddened by anxiety about the Master, whose condition is by no means free from serious features, although the doctors take a more favourable view than at first. To John o' Gaunt, which was blank; but a fox was picked up near Lord Morton's covert. The fox had evidently experience, for he chose a line of country only favourable to himself. First he ran out to Skeffington Wood, then through or past Tilton Wood. Over the open ground between the wood and Tilton village hounds ran well, gaining on the fox. But over the rough ground to John o' Gaunt the advantage was with the fox, and by the time he reached the covert scent was beginning to fail—at all events he escaped. A very trying, tiring line of country for horses, and one over which it was not easy to keep with hounds, yet there was some capital hound work, and the huntsman was both patient and yet quick when needed, showing that he has not served under Tom Firr for nothing.

Lord Churchill has been attending to his new duties, and had a good day over that Buckinghamshire country which suits stag-hounds so well. When Frank Goodall, his first whipper-in, and one of the field jumped a gate in quick succession, it was felt that the Royal pack could hold its own for hard riding.

The natural qualities of Warwickshire as a good scenting country are improved by heavy rain, but not so the going, and on Thursday hounds had all the best of the run. The following sketch of a good run has at least the advantage of being a personal experience: "No, the fox did not get up in front of hounds; he was bolted from a roadside drain near Southam, but he succeeded in taking a good many people unawares, and Brown had hounds on the line and away before many of us knew what had happened. The line took us by Napton to ground near Shuckburgh. The first half of the way was all in favour of hounds, the fences, though practicable, not being suited to a flippant style of going. My brown horse is a bad beginner, and rapped the rails and rubbed his nose in the soft ground several times before he settled down to gallop and jump.

"The line was a straight one, however, and the deep ground suited a stayer, and the pace, though good, was not steeplechasing, luckily. Brown, Mr. Adamthwaite, Mr. B. Hanbury (till he fell), Mr. Blyth, Mrs. Verney, and Mr. Loder

Mr. Verney took them back to Ladbroke's Gorse. Good scenting days make good foxes, and this one promised well, but gives material for no long story, for he also got to ground."

On Friday the same pack met at Swadcliffe Park, and a fox from Broughton gave a brilliant gallop of some twenty minutes or so from Tadmerton to a place with a name unknown to me. Messrs. Freake and Hanbury and Mrs. Verney saw the best of the fun.

I am sorry to hear about Lord Huntingdon. He has been obliged to leave Ireland and seek health in the South of England for a time. Mr. T. Cradock



MEET AT NORTH KILWORTH.

will act as Master of the Ormond and East Galway during his absence. Captain Burns-Hartopp has sent a special request to Mr. Lancelot Lowther to act as Master of the Quorn during his absence. This duty is not new to Mr. Lowther, as he often acted successfully for his brother when the latter held office.

X.

## RACING NOTES.

WITHIN a few hours of the publication of these notes flat racing in the nineteenth century will be at an end so far as this country is concerned, though in the more benignant climate at the Antipodes there is many a meeting in the Christmas week still to come on. It cannot be said that the horses of this last year have been altogether worthy of the occasion.

There has been no meteoric wonder of the Flying Fox sort to shoot down the firmament of our race-courses and leave all other horses as if they were constellations. No; Diamond Jubilee has on the whole done well, but he is not in the same class with his big brother, Persimmon, and he was lucky to win the Derby, for were that race run over again he might fail even to be placed, Forfarshire, Disguise II., and Simon Dale all having claims to beat him. La Roche seemed at one time to be a really first-rate filly; indeed, she must have been when she beat Joe Chamberlain pointless at Manchester, but both she and Merry Gal went off very much before the end of the year, and it is quite on the cards that the best three year old of the season is the American-bred King's Courier, whose sire, Kingston, was a non-stayer, and whose dam was by Stylites, one of the worst rogues that ever saw a race-course. Among the older division the unquestioned long-distance champion was found in the eight year old Merman, who covered himself with glory when he smashed the redoubtable Perth II., The Grafter, Scintillant, etc., for the Ascot Cup. For soundness and stamina he is a wonderful horse, and his legs were as clean when he was taken out of training as they were when he first came to this country in the spring of 1897. He might well have gone on racing for years to come, but as he can easily command a full subscription at 100 guineas, and is so admirably calculated to improve the breed of our bloodstock, it was good policy to retire him to the stud. He will begin his duties next season, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was one of the first to take a nomination to him. The short-distance champion was, of course, Eager, who proved a veritable Triton among minnows at his own game, but neither he nor Merman can really rank with the giants of the past, say, for instance, Prince Charlie and Springfield over short courses, and Cremorne over long ones. It may be questioned whether there is a single absolutely first-class two year old among those which have come out this season, and so the racing of the century goes down in anything but a blaze of triumph.

However, it is not all over yet. The Manchester November Handicap is still to come. It is not a satisfactory sort of race as a rule, for the weather is apt to be wet at this season, and the course becomes like a morass on the third day of the meeting. This is all against the top weights, of course, and a powerful



THE PACK.

all showed at times. Everyone, however, could see the sport in one way or another until Napton was past. Then those who watch hounds sat down in their saddles and caught lightly but firmly hold of their horses, for that change came over the pack that tells the observant man they mean business. Before it had been steering the horse, now you had to drive a bit or be out of it. Fewer and fewer were the immediate followers, and longer the tail behind hounds as they ran over the beautiful country and the high ground of Shuckburgh came in view, and here, as I have said, the fox went to ground. From Shuckburgh

lightly-weighted animal will often win here when on no previous form could such a result have been anticipated. For this reason I do not suppose we shall see Clarendon repeating her Cesarewitch triumph. In 1898 even Merman performed most ingloriously at Manchester, though he was made a hot favourite, and "Mr. Jersey" backed him to win a big stake. The mistake was made on that occasion, however, of running Merman without plates. On hard or moderately firm ground he always ran without them, and he had feet like adamant; but of course on soft, greasy ground a horse wants something on his feet to give him a grip. Merman proved to be absolutely helpless on the Manchester track; he was beaten before they had gone half a mile, and finished, tailed off, last. Mrs. de Bute took her horses away from her then trainer as a result of this, but there was certainly no reason to blame him for any wilful misdoing. It was simply an error of judgment, and we should remember that in those days English trainers had hardly begun to absorb the new ideas as to plating horses which they are now rapidly coming to see the force of. The American triumphs in this country have been largely due to their superior knowledge of the science of plating race-horses. Wishard plate all his own, and F. W. Day, who has gained his experience in Australia, is little if at all less skilled in this most important branch of the trainer's craft. I think, on the whole, it is highly probable that a light-weight will win the Manchester race this year, and Parquetry appears to be the most likely of all the entry. He is a sure stayer, being a son of Trenton, whose stock can always be depended on in this respect, and he has shown recent winning form. He was amiss as a two year old with the Newmarket fever, and it is only recently that he has been doing really well. Next to him I should fancy Aquascutum and Lexicon, and among the more heavily-weighted division Proclamation should have the best chance, for he knows and likes the course.

After the close of racing we soon dash into the December sales at Newmarket; but two days before these begin there will be very important sales of English brood mares at the Haras de St. James, near Paris. M. Halbronn, of the Etablissement Chiri, will, of course, conduct the sale as usual, and in addition to valuable lots consigned by Messrs. R. A. Brice, W. Gardner, and others, there will be a special catalogue of twenty mares and two stallions, the property of Sir J. Blundell Maple. These mares and stallions have already been sent over, and are certain to attract all the best French buyers, for they include several daughters of St. Simon in foal to Royal Hampton, and there are also daughters of Hampton, Galopin, and, indeed, all the most ultra-fashionable horses. The stallions to be offered are the St. Simon horse St. Kenelm, and that good winner Gangway, by Sarah and out of Gang Wariv.

I mentioned in my last article that the thorough-bred gelding which the late Major Dalbiac took out to South Africa was still alive and winning races at gymkhanas. I regret to say that he is now dead. He ran twice at Harrismith about the end of last month, being amiss at the time, and died next day of inflammation of the kidneys. There must have been sad mismanagement at work here.

OUTPOST.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### BIRDS AND GALES.

NOVEMBER seems to be always the worst month for gales on the East Coast; and both last year and this, November 17th was the date of a storm of unusual violence. Luckily for the birds, the annual stream of migration had almost ceased, else there would have been many scores of corpses to be picked up under the deadly telegraph wires. When the storm comes whistling and tearing with driving rain down from the German Ocean upon the low-lying Norfolk shores, the blinded birds, travelling down wind at goodness knows how many miles an hour, find the wires that run coastwise from village to village even more dangerous than the shore gunner who lurks for them among the sand-hills and marshes.

### CORPSES ON THE BEACH.

But for many birds these November gales are fatal enough without the aid of wires, and the shingle about and above high-water mark is landmarked with their bruised and battered bodies. Pick them up, and you will see that the birds that suffer in this way are those which approximate to the penguin type, although they may possess considerable powers of flight, such as little auks, guillemots, and razor-bills. Extending the wing of one of the dead little auks, you are surprised that such small pinions could carry so plump a bird at the pace that you often see them travelling in a bee-line just above the waves. But you see the same thing in some fat-bodied, small-winged moths and the bullety bumblebees; for in all of these speed may be attained but cannot be controlled. Watch the bumble-bee blown bang against a brick wall that he tried to fly over, and you will understand why the little auks and their congeners, though they can fly fast enough in a straight line, are to be picked up dead on the beach after every shoreward storm. But not all of them have been killed on the beach. Some are the corpses of birds that died out at sea and have been washed ashore with other wreckage.

### BIRDS DRIVEN INLAND.

Many of the little auks manage just to top the coast-line, and are carried by the gale far inland, where they are often picked up hungry and exhausted. Sometimes, too, they contrive to live for a time on some piece of fresh water, but as a rule it is bad for these sea-going birds when a landward tempest catches them within range of the coast. For it is an involuntary warning that the sea birds give us when they come drifting overhead, high above the fields, in disordered flocks, slantwise across the wind, for that means that they are making inland before a tempest, and when, soon after, the wind shifts to the quarter of their flight the storm breaks.

### FOOLISH HARBINGERS.

This year too the enormous flocks of wild geese and other winter migrants are held by country-folk to portend a severe winter; but it is more likely that the multitude of birds merely gives evidence of a good breeding season in their Northern homes, as that other augury of hard frost from the berry crop only indicates that conditions were favourable to the ripening of the wood last autumn, and to the setting of the fruit in spring. For that birds can have foreknowledge of the seasons seems improbable, from the way they waste the berries before the winter comes, and from the folly of so many of them in mistaking the sunshine of October and November for spring and setting about nesting again. At the beginning of this month, the rooks in many places had

eggs or young; so had some thrushes and robins; while the sparrow, always glad of any excuse for bustling about and making the place untidy, might have been seen almost anywhere trailing straws up to the water-spouts.

### ACORNS AS FOOD AND POISON.

Acorns have been as numerous as the berries, and the fact is not likely to be forgotten for some years by many owners of stock; for when a heavy crop of acorns coincides with severe storms in early autumn, the result always is that numbers of cattle and deer in parks are poisoned by eating them. Even the pig, the traditional chumper of acorns, suffers; and sheep seem to be the only stock that can devour the half-ripe windfalls with impunity. Landowners would be wise, therefore, to fence the ground beneath oak trees in the windfall season; and if some of the fences were allowed to be permanent, the result would often be astonishing in the quantity of wild life which would be attracted to the acorn storehouse later on. Besides the long-tailed fieldmouse and the voles, the squirrel will quickly find it out; and a squirrel is never completely happy except when he has discovered a place containing much more food than he can eat at a meal. Then he is full of delirious joy and excitement, rushing to the tree, picking up an acorn, and scurrying off to bury it. With a few hasty scrapes of his paws, a muzzle with his nose, and a pat or two to smoothe the surface, he is off again for another. You may think that he cannot possibly remember all the hundreds of different places in each of which he has buried one acorn, and you would be quite right. I do not think he ever remembers where he has put a single one; but later on he goes scratching about, and often finds some of his own acorns, besides some of those that the voles and the fieldmice and the rooks and the jays and the magpies buried. For all these creatures, and others no doubt, hide superfluous fruit in the ground; and it is a fair give-and-take arrangement by which they all eat each other's stores when they find them.

### THE WILINESS OF THE OAK.

But a multitude of the hidden acorns are never found at all; and this explains why, if other circumstances are favourable, groves and thickets of all kinds of trees that have nutty fruits are always ready to spring up at considerable distances from the parent trees. This is one of the many ways in which the plants trick other living things to work for them. Otherwise it might seem waste of effort for the oak to produce its thousands of acorns, of which hardly a fractional percentage could have a chance of growing where they fall. But the oak seems to know that if it only provides more than enough for the squirrels and the other little gluttons to stuff themselves with, they will set to work to bury the rest at a distance and in different places, thus giving the oak, what it could never have got for itself, suitable openings in life for hundreds of its children.

E. K. R.

## THE TROUBLES OF MY LADY DISDAIN.

"**C**OLD, your ladyship," said the tortoiseshell, when she met her on the projecting roof of No. 0, Curzon Street on a September evening. With their usual forgetfulness, the owners of My Lady Disdain and her acquaintance (I do not say friend, because in the season, when the Persians were in town, My Lady would hardly speak to the common cats) had shut up their houses, removed their servants, and left the unfortunate cats to look after themselves. To tell the truth, My Lady was getting thin and a little unkempt also. Her thick black coat was dull and dirty, her blue ribbon was twisted and soiled, and My Lady was hungry. For the last few days the cat's-meat man had passed by the house. Once when she had ventured to follow him, me-owing piteously, he had kicked her into a puddle with his thick boot. It is of little use to possess a Duchess for a mistress when Her Grace goes to Scotland and forgets your existence, and even the biggest larder is only tantalising when there is nothing in it. The tortoiseshell was also faring badly, but her mistress was only the wife of a clergyman, and she had never tasted ortolans, so that she bore her hardships better.

"As you say," replied My Lady, shivering a little, when the cold evening breeze swept over the roof, "it is not warm. In fact," she went on, for she was a poor creature really, "I do not think I shall survive this treatment. I have pains all over; the corner of the dust-bin, where I live, is exposed to the rain, and I have eaten nothing but one piece of stale fish, which I found in the mews, since the family left."

"Pride," said the tortoiseshell, a little maliciously, "should be able to suffer. Why don't you beg? I beg."

My Lady stood up and arched her back.

"A cat of your class can do anything," she said; "but for me it would be impossible."

Then she sat down again. Some large drops of rain fell; a passing errand-boy hit her in the side with a pebble; the wind began to rise.

"If the coachman's wife were to offer me something," My Lady said, tentatively, after a long pause.

The tortoiseshell ceased to wash her face with her paw.

"She has gone to the play; I saw her go," she said. "I had my potatoes and fish at one o'clock."

"Potatoes," repeated My Lady, "and fish, and I starve."

Her companion smirked, for she felt that she was getting her own back.

"Yes," she continued, "Bobtailed Bess and I."

My Lady spat viciously. "I did not think," she retorted,



"that even nardships would bring you as low as that. To talk to that low creature."

"Bulldogs and camomile," replied her companion; "fried fish at this time of the year is too good to be lost."

"Eh!" said My Lady, "did you say fish?"

"I not only said fish, but I ate fish. Bess stole it and I ate it."

"And I starve," repeated My Lady, waving her long thick tail.

"More fool you," said the tortoiseshell. For a few moments nothing was said.

Then a sound came from the yard below. Me-o-w. Three times it was repeated softly. In a moment the tortoiseshell was all excitement, her whole frame quivered; she licked her lips as if in anticipation of something good; she began to crawl over the roof quickly.

"Where are you going to?" asked My Lady.

"To meet Bess," replied the other, without looking round.

"Why don't you come?"

"M—m—may I?" asked My Lady, now quite humbled.

There was no answer, but My Lady, leaping in undignified haste from one spout to the other, followed her friend to the bottom, where Bobtailed Bess was sitting waiting. She had but one eye, most of the fur on one side had been scratched off in her last fight, in colour she was a dirty grey.

My Lady shuddered with disgust. "If Muzzin Din the Persian could only see me," she thought.

"And 'oo the 'oly 'erring-bone 'ave you got there, yellow-face?" asked Bess, when they reached her. "Introduce me."

"This," said the tortoiseshell, proudly, "is Lady Disdain, from the Duchess of Sedgemoor's."

"H-oh, cut me whiskers, I'm going into sassiety. Is yer 'ighness on the cage?"

"My friend had told me," replied My Lady, bristling a little at this rudeness, "that there is some fish."

"As I remarked," Bess interrupted, "you are on the cage? Right O! I have now the straight griffin. To biz."

Without wasting more words, Bess sprang on to the water-barrel and led the way over the roof, down an alley, across a small thoroughfare, finally stopping behind a high wall.

"Smell it, Duchess?" she asked, when My Lady, who was short-winded, came up.

"A-a-h!" said My Lady, "I do."

The whole air was filled with the scent of frying fish. The hungry animals bathed in the smell, drinking it in with intense delight, tossing their heads in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

"Over yer go," said Bess, preparing for a spring. In another moment the three cats were standing in a small yard. Straight before them the fried fish was laid out in rows on the counter of the shop—succulent, fragrant. Bess was the first to leap through the window. She seized a piece in her teeth and fled.

The tortoiseshell followed. My Lady captured the largest slab which she could see, but instead of going after her companions, she sat down to eat it in the street, regardless of anybody or anything. Her famished body refused to wait. Hence woe.

With a Yiddish exclamation, the proprietor rushed at her, knife in hand. A flash, and My Lady was flying for her life, safe but tail-less.

"Being, as we are, in the same box, sister," Bess told her when she reached the roof, "we can pal up."

And I believe, shorn of her tail and her pride, My Lady is much improved. You can find her for yourself at o, Curzon Street.

FRANCIS DODSWORTH.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### REFORMED FALCONRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If your correspondent, Mr. Greenough, could have a few minutes' talk with one of our modern falconers, I think he might begin to doubt whether the methods which he recommends for training and entering falcons are more likely to improve them than those which are now employed. The "appliances now to be had" upon which he seems to rely for effecting his reforms are motor-cars and long silk creances, or strings. The reformed and improved falconer is, it appears, to be wheeled about in the car, holding in his hand the end of the creance, to which a young eyess falcon is attached, and to keep going until the pupil has had as much exercise as she likes. This would mean that he—or, at any rate, someone—should be at hand from about 4 a.m., which is the time when the eyess may very likely be inclined to take wing, until about 8 p.m., when she may be expected to be ready to go to roost. He does not, probably, suppose that she could be for the whole of the time on the wing. But as it is manifestly impossible to say at what times she will be disposed to fly and when to stand still, he could not be excused for any part of the sixteen hours from daily attendance, and with the motor-car in good going order. It would be rather difficult, even with unlimited funds at command, to find men willing and able to undertake this job, or this "trick," as your correspondent rather euphemistically calls it. Moreover, there would be a serious difficulty in finding a country so bare of trees that the hawk, in taking her daily exercise should never get the string entangled in a branch, and so ruin the whole show, and probably endanger her feathers, or even her life. Certainly no such places could be found in England, and scarcely in Europe, though in Egypt and some other parts of Africa they exist. Here, however, there are, unfortunately, few "roads on private estates." The "necessary conditions" of which Mr. Greenough speaks are, therefore, to say the least of it, difficult to "obtain." But—if they could be obtained—would the experiments which he advocates be "worth trying"? Would eyess falcons "so trained," and kept at this *regime* "until quite full grown and with their full powers of flight," be likely to do better than one which was "hacked" in the ordinary way? According to the old-fashioned and usual present practice, the eyess is, from the first, allowed complete liberty. She roosts where she likes, she flies when and where she likes, and she eats as much as she likes, without any interference on the part of her owner or any other person. Why should it be supposed that the tying of a long string to her, and the attaching of this string to a motor-car, would better her chances of growing into a good hawk? The only reason I can imagine is, that the noise and the smell of the motor-car would so frighten and disgust her, that she would, in order to escape from it, take more exercise than is taken by the ordinary hack hawk. Even this hypothesis does not, however, account for the creance, though it might for the motor-car. If the object is to compel more exercise, surely it would be attained more completely by dispensing with the line and working the car by itself. But how anyone can suppose that a hawk which has been hunted about by a motor-car, with or without a creance, during the whole period which is usually allowed for the hack, would yet, after that ordeal, be "perfectly tame," it passes man's powers of comprehension to understand. After the "motor-car and creance tricks" have been successfully performed, the young falcon—perfectly tame, as a matter of course—is to be "entered" to the lure and to a tethered pigeon, then to free pigeons, and, lastly, to wild birds. Why this succession of ordeals? Why not directly to wild birds? Is it supposed that an eyess which has been indulged with tame quarry, set free on purpose for her to take, will be better or more keen than one which is introduced at once to the most difficult flights? "Practical amateur falconers" do not think so. But, apparently, the condition of the reformed falcon in training is to be so superior to that of the unreformed, that she will be able to beat them even with all the disadvantages involved in the motor trick and the bagged pigeon business. She is to be "in every bit as high condition as a wild hawk." Now the experience of all falconers, from the beginning of the world till now, has been, that if trained hawks are fed up to the same condition in which wild hawks habitually live, not more than one in a dozen of them will come to the lure at all; not more than a small proportion of them will fly at quarry; and most of them, if they fail to kill, will either take to the soar, or take away out of sight. In fact, no sort of obedience is to be expected from any trained hawk which has been indulged to the extent suggested. And as for giving such hawk "enough" exercise, how is it proposed to "give" it? You cannot weigh it out like beef, and force it down the throat of the reluctant falcon. If a hawk could be exercised like a race-horse, with a jockey on her back, many of the difficulties of falconry would vanish. These are rather greater than your correspondent supposes, and confront, in many other directions than those which we have mentioned, the plan which, with the best intentions, and with the most laudable desire to further a good cause, he suggests.—M.

### GARDENS OLD AND NEW—AMERICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read with much pleasure your delightful series of illustrated articles appearing in COUNTRY LIFE under the title "Gardens Old and New," I enclose some photographs of a house and garden distinctly new, which may interest some of your readers. The house is a new one built on the old estate of



HOUSE FROM THE SUNKEN GARDEN.



GENERAL VIEW OF TERRACES.

Sunset Rock, situated on the Atlantic Coast, not many miles north of Boston, U.S.A., in a corner of Essex Co., which has long been a favourite resort for the residents of Boston during the summer and autumn months, on account of the belt of beautiful old forest which extends along the shore to the water's edge, making a combination of woodland and sea rare on the Massachusetts Coast.

The gardens were planned and laid out in June, 1899, and the photographs, which were taken in September of the same year, show what an excellent effect was obtained in only three months by a judicious use of annuals. Perennials were planted at the same time, and will supplement and partially supersede the annuals as time perfects the original scheme of the designer.

The north, or entrance front, is approached by a drive through the beautiful old forest, whose interlacing boughs shut out all view of the house and sea, until suddenly emerging from the dense shade we come upon the first evidence of formal design, a gravelled circle surrounded by a clipped hedge and shaded by great overhanging trees. Large stone urns on pedestals ornament the circle, and flank the several drives radiating from it and leading to kitchens, forecourt, and stables. The drive to the forecourt is straight and wide, and passes through iron gates opposite the front door. Entering the house, through which we must pass to reach the terraces on the south, we find ourselves in an octagonal vestibule paved with stone. Crossing the staircase hall, we enter the gallery, which, with the drawing-room opening at one end and the dining-room at the other, forms the entire south or sea front of the house.



SEAT IN THE GARDEN.

Wide glass doors open out of this gallery into a cool and spacious loggia, paved with brick and white marble, vaulted, and frescoed, suggestive in its treatment of an Italian style. Green lattice doors open at either end of the loggia on to iron balconies. Through three great arches in front one looks out upon a scene of strange and beautiful contrasts. Below lie the trim terraces, beyond the rugged coast-line, extending many miles east and west, and the restless North Atlantic stretching far away to the horizon. A few broad stone steps the width of the loggia lead to a landing, from either end of which steps descend in graceful curves to the first terrace, flagged with stone and ornamented by marble urns and Chinese basins filled with water plants.

Broad steps descend to the lower or turf terrace, over the balustrade of which one looks down into the surf breaking against the rocks 50ft. below. On either side of this *tapis vert* are small sunken gardens, alike in design, and strictly formal in treatment. The walks are paved with small beach stones, the box-bordered flower-beds

are gay with colour, and vines climb in profusion over wall and railing. From the stone seat of the little garden seen in the photograph, one looks far out to sea while shadowed by the tops of trees growing many feet below. Here and there among the wide-spreading forest trees, tall dark cedars, reminding one



LOOKING SOUTH FROM LOGGIA.

by their natural symmetry and sombre green of the cypress of Italy, stand formal and erect, forming a striking contrast with the brighter foliage of their less conventional neighbours. An iron gate opens from the garden into the woods, where a path descends by stepping-stones to the boat-landing below.

The happy contrast of Art and Nature is the most characteristic feature of this attractive country place. The relation of the house to its environment has been carefully considered, and so there is none of that confusion and inharmony so often apparent where simplicity and unity of design have been forgotten. Remembering that "Art is art precisely because it is not Nature," the designer has not confused the two, but has kept a firm line of demarcation between the architectural terraces which are a part of the house, and the wild natural beauty of forest and landscape, and has by his skilful treatment brought Art and Nature into close and delightful relationship, thus enhancing the beauty of each.

Should you think these photographs and this description of them would be interesting to your readers, you are at liberty to use them in any way you choose.

Yours very truly,

HARRIET C. TOWNSEND, New York, U.S.A.

It gives us no common pleasure to produce these photographs and this very interesting letter from an American correspondent of literary as well as horticultural ability.—ED.